Thursday. August 1. 1929. Warm. Showers.

Although the above picture was taken on the day of the County Extension Service picnic, it is a scene that is typical of any pleasant summer day at the front door of the Inn. People almost constantly walking by the front door in the direction of the Red Stone School House and the pump to the left of the front door is always a popular place on a warm day. Guests seem to enjoy having a drink from the pump and proclaim the water to be delicious. Also our guests arrive in all sorts of conveyances at the front door of the Inn. Antiquated Ford cars of every description; roadsters. station wagons and sedans often draw up along-side a sporty Rolls Royce of the latest color and style or a luxurious limousine with smartly dressed chauffeur assisting the occupants to the front steps of this famous old Inn. One cannot help but compare this comfortable speedy way of travel with the days of the stage coach. When the travellers were cooped up in the stuffy, hot interior of the coach while rumbling over the dusty, rough, narrow roads of the old days. Not so comfortable. But we must admit, more picturesque!

Friday, August 2. 1929. Very pleasant. cool

Mr. Henrich Madsen of Copenhagen, Denmark was an interested visitor to-day and particularly interested when he saw the old Paul Revere print in the Bar-room which depicts the scene of British Ships of War landing their troops in Boston Harbor. Mr. Madsen is principal of a school in Copenhagen and has recently edited a book called "World's History in Picture". In this book is a reprint of the original Paul Revere print which we have. Mr. Madsen recently presented a copy of his book to President Hoover when the former was in Washington. Bringing a group of Scandinavian boys to this country to be guests in American families through the summer. Dr. Madsen is in the meantime seeing something of the United States himself and is preparing a series of lectures on America which he is to give over the radio in Copenhagen under the title of: "With Daddy in America". Previously, Dr. Madsen has given a series of talks over the radio entitled: "With Daddy all around the world".

This is a picture of the school in Copenhagen where Dr. Madsen teaches.

St. Jørgens Gymnasium
Henrik Madsen.
2/8 29.

Boston
Evening Transcript
Aug 3. 1929.

Danish Educator To Visit Cambridge Boy Scout Camp

Dr. Henrik Madsen, noted Danish educator who is leader of a group of Scandinavian boys visiting this country as guests of American families, is to be the guest of Camp Director Hans V. Kudlich and his staff this week-end at Camp Quinapoxet, the Cambridge Boy Scout summer headquarters at West Rindge, N. H.

Dr. Madson will be met at Elmwood late this afternoon and brought to Quinapoxet in time for supper, after which the campers will entertain him with a program designed to illustrate what American boys do in camp. Dr. Madsen, who speaks English fluently, will reciprocate by lecturing to the boys on camping customs in the Scandinavian countries.

He will also attend the nightly staff conference at which Director Kudlich discusses the program for the following day. The camp staff, with the exception of three members, are all Eagle Scouts.

Since the centralized camp idea is almost unknown in Denmark, Dr. Madsen is making a study of the institution while in this country. The boys under his leadership have been invited to spend some time at Quinapoxet before they assemble for return to their homes on Aug. 24.

Saturday, August 3. 1929. Cook 77

NO. 78—ARTHUR FIEDLER

By MASON HAM

Perhaps the most uncomfortable social experience which an unmusical mortal can undergo is attendance at a very musical tea. If the hostess and her guests incline to modern music it is so much the worse. These people have their own language, their own manners and their own superiority. Their commonest figures of speech are unintelligible to the outsider. Their very gestures imply that if you don't know music, you know nothing; you are a lout, a boor, a savage; you do not belong there. Concurring in this latter thought, and longing for the great outdoors, you form some opinions of your own.

If such an ordeal has ever been your lot, you will be pleased to hear that Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the outdoor concerts on the esplanade and part-time conductor of the "Pops" at Symphony hall, is one of the easiest men in the world to talk to. Even on his own subject he is quite understandable. He interprets for you, expressing thoughts on music in clear, simple and non-technical phraseology. If you could talk to him long enough, you would probably learn a great deal. In time, we feel sure, quite subtly and pleasantly, he would inform you not only of the vocabulary, but even of the meaning of his art.

METHOD EDUCATIONAL

His method in planning the outdoor concerts is similar to this. He admits that they are educational. He draws the crowd with popular selections—old-time favorites or contemporary musical [illegible]edy hits; and then, the assemblage [illegible]ered, he treats them with an oc[illegible]nal taste of the finest music ever [illegible]en. He hopes that many persons [illegible]ntually will find the pill even sweeter than the sugar coating.

He was born in Boston, of Austrian parentage, on Dec. 17, 1894, and is the first Bostonian ever to conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra. For 15 years he lived here, attending the local schools and learning music from his parents. In 1910 his father, Emanuel, himself a Symphony player and member of the original Kneisel quartet, retired to Berlin, chiefly in behalf of the musical education of Arthur and his three sisters. There the young man attended the Royal Academy for five years, making his first public appearance as a conductor while he was a student 17 years old. He stayed in Germany at the outbreak of the war, remaining long after most Americans had fled and leaving only in 1915 on the urgent advice of Ambassador Gerard. After a few weeks in Holland he came to America and, here in the city of his birth, was given a place in the violin section of the Symphony by Dr. Karl Muck.

From this point on his history is entwined with that of the orchestra. He has played in it continuously—on the violin, his native instrument, the viola, the piano, the organ, the celesta and even the bass drum. At the age of 20, in 1915, he conducted his first Pop concert as an emergency substitute for Agide Jacchia, who had had a sudden and emphatic disagreement with the management. In 1925 he founded the Boston Sinfonietta, comprising 25 of the large orchestra's leading players; and three years later, with European memories in mind, he conceived the idea of holding open air concerts on the esplanade.

AURA OF ENTERPRISE

We are inclined to accept the musician as a dreamy, visionary sort of person, unskilled and inept in the performance of even the simplest business transactions. This description does not fit Mr. Fiedler. About his person there is an aura of enterprise, a hint of sales ability. If you know the man, you are less astonished that the artist has been practical enough to materialize his pet idea of good music in the summer out of doors. He personally interviewed more than 100 prospective supporters of the project. He wrote letters, made telephone calls, pursued the musical rich until the success of the plan was assured. The concerts are his idea, of his planning and his execution.

Until this year he has travelled to Europe almost every summer since the war. He has visited every European country except Russia and has made walking trips in diverse sections of the continent. He hiked once from Paris to Tours. He is fond of horseback riding and tennis. He speaks French and German fluently and can get along in Italian. He is interested in arts other than music, specifically poetry, prose literature and painting. He has composed a little but never published. He has, however, done a considerable

An intensely interested young man, both blind and deaf. Mr. Guillermo de Cuerva took great pleasure in "seeing" the house to-day. He often remarked himself as he went about through the rooms, "Ah — I see. 'Tis delightful!" And he gave us much pleasure when he played, with exquisite touch, on the piano in the Ball-room. He is spending the summer in Framingham and hopes to come again to see the spinning and weaving in which he is particularly interested.

The Trade School boys have been enjoying the Esplanade Concerts which Mr. Fiedler has been conducting on the Charles River Esplanade in Boston. Last evening a group of the boys spoke to Mr. Fiedler and he kindly autographed several of the programs for the boys. Mr. Fiedler has been a guest at the Inn and we are looking forward to more visits from him.

THE OLD POST ROAD

By Elizabeth Minot

In the early eighteen hundreds,
When the quiet streets of Boston
Knew gigs, and shays, and waggons,
And were innocent of din—
When steam railroads were unheard of,
And inhabitants of Boston
Discussed, o'er foaming flagons
Daily doings at their inn—

Then the Post Road, broad and winding,
Stretched between New York and Boston,
Passing hamlet, lake, and river
'Neath its shadowy arching trees:
Cochituate, Quinsigamond,
Sweet waters, loved in Boston,
With their sunlit waves a-quiver
Softly lured the fragrant breeze.

Tremont Temple marks the starting
Of the old-time stage of Boston,
That rolled through Governor's Alley,
Forgotten long ago:
And he who owned the coaches
That strong horses drew from Boston,
Free from life's unceasing rally,
In the Granary lies low.

Just a touch of the romantic,
That the annals of old Boston
Have coupled, for a hundred years,
With Caleb Easte's name:
From Gallows Hill in Salem,
To Bunker Hill near Boston,
His ancestors, through hopes and fears,
Bore Italy's proud fame.

With snowy queue black-ribboned,
Men's custom in old Boston,
His dark brown eyes quick flashing,
He would speed the coach away:
O green, fern-scented woodland,
How the passengers from Boston
Longed to seek your streams soft plashing,
And o'er Indian trails to stray!

Here an inn amid the wildwood,
For the hungry guests from Boston;
Roast beef, brown, white, and rosy,
Broiled chicken, game, and cream:
Then rest on beds of feathers,
As soft as those of Boston,
With a rose or sweet herb posy
To shed fragrance o'er each dream.

Connecticut—its river,
Grander than the Charles of Boston,
With white-rigged boats a-sailing,
Or fishing here and there:
Quiet Hartford, elm-tree shaded,
Kindly friend of old-time Boston,
With its courtesy unfailing,
And its fine scholastic air.

On to the queer Dutch houses,
So unlike those of old Boston,
And the strange and quaint upstanding
Of little old New York:
'Twas the Old World they had come to,
Not so far away from Boston,
Intense interest demanding
In its nation-noted talk.

Now the Post Road still is winding
Between New York and Boston,
With autos, busses, cycles, vans,
And hurry, din and strife:
But 'mid quiet nooks and waters,
Loved by travellers from Boston,
A bridge of longing lightly spans
The old and newer life.

Reminiscent of the stage-coach days and the old Post Roads which runs directly in front of the Inn is this poem published in the Boston Transcript of Aug 3, 1929. The inn mentioned in the sixth verse might well be the old Red Horse Tavern where weary guests found rest and refreshment. To-day the Red Horse still prances on the sign:

"Half effaced by rain and shine"

and weary wayfarers still find food and lodging in the famous old Inn on the old Post Road. now immortalized by Longfellow as The Wayside Inn.

Monday. August 5. 1929. Cool. windy 66°

Our visitors show much interest and desire to purchase some sort of souvenier of the Inn and seem pleased to find the Visitors Edition of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn", sold at the Bar for the modest price of $1.50. Post cards are also sold in great number as are also the "True Story of Mary, and Her Little Lamb." The latter are often bought as gifts for the children. To-day a gentleman from California purchased six copies of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn", six Mary's Lamb books and several sets of the post cards "for the folks back home. as a souvenier of this wonderful old place." he said.

Yesterday. Sunday. a group of forty four persons. including the Cradle School's boys. Trade School instructors and their families. Mr. Boyer and his family. Mrs. Campbell and three children and some of the hostess and office force. took a picnic lunch and spent the day at Lynn Beach.

It is very pleasant to have Mrs. Campbell and three children occupying the Hostess Cottage for the month of August. They arrived last Friday evening, having driven on from Detroit in a Model A and we will all enjoy having them such near neighbors through the month.

Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers. Congresswoman from Massachusetts with a party of four. were dinner guests here this evening.

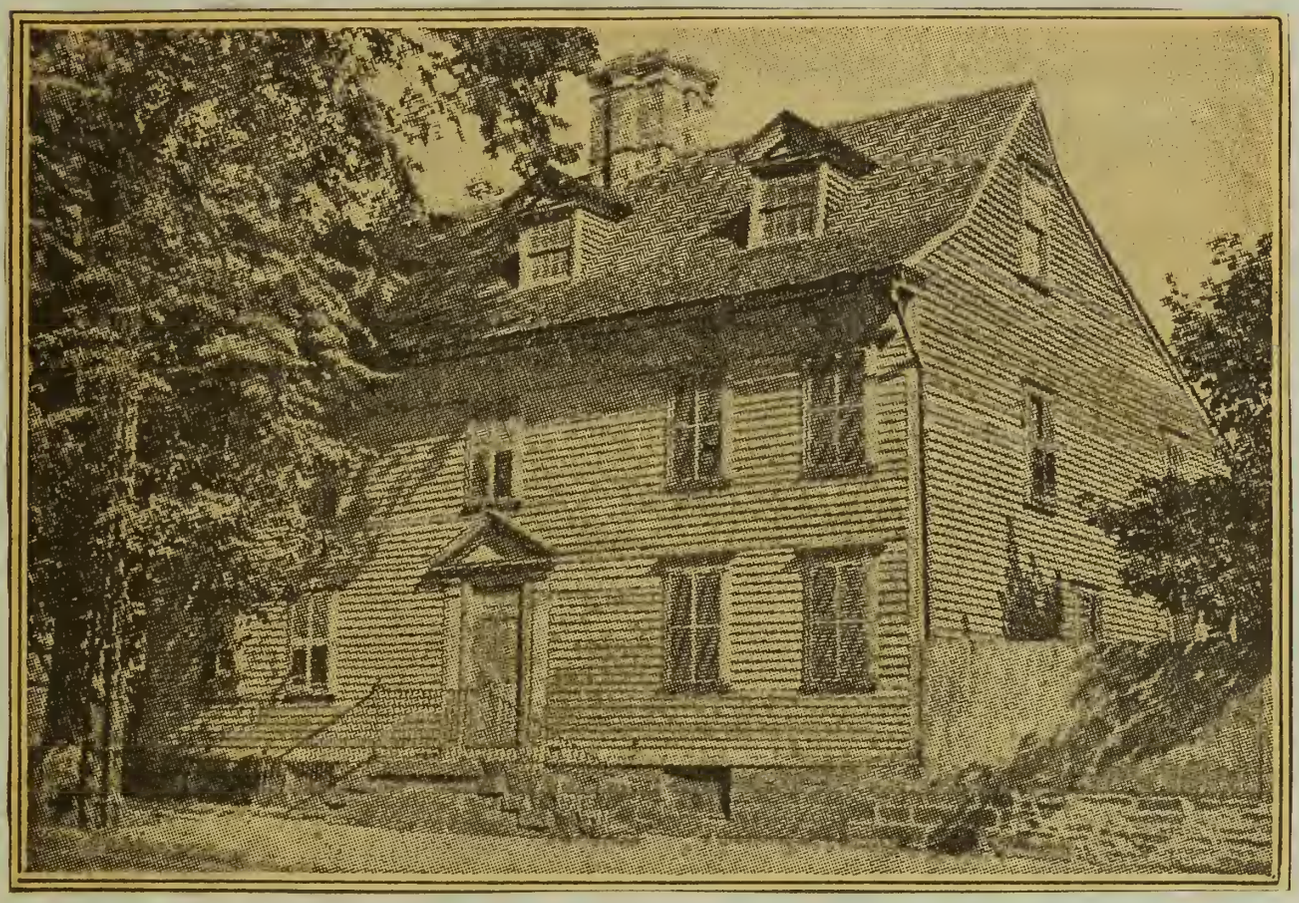
ROYAL HOBBIES

Kings and queens, it appears, grow satiated at times with inherited grandeur and seek the lesser rarities of the market-place like any commoner. Queen Mary of England is a familiar figure in London antique shops and galleries. Her particular hobby, however, is old lace. According to the antiquarian, King George finds relaxation in collecting stamps. His father, King Edward, had a fancy for canes, and this collection included two of unusual historical interest—one fashioned from a pile taken from old London Bridge and the other made from a bit of the oak tree known to fame as the hiding place of Charles II in his flight from Cromwell's forces. King Victor Emanuel of Italy is an enthusiastic numismatist. Queen Marie of Roumania continues to increase the valuable collection of perfume bottles which was a legacy from her grandmother, the Czarina of Russia. And one cannot but wonder if the recent visit of the beautiful queen to America resulted in the addition to this collection of some representative of our own history such as a bit of Stiegel glass.

Evidently the hobby for Antiques is not confined to Americans alone. but even extends to Kings and Queens!

Tuesday. August 6. 1929. Cool. windy. 69°

The Wanton-Lyman-Hazard House. oldest in Newport R.I. date: from before 1700.



Tomorrow. "Old Port Days" will be held in Newport. Rhode Islands when Newport's old houses will be open to the public. This occasion is for the purpose of raising funds to preserve the Wanton-Lyman-Hazard House. which is the oldest house in Newport. Undoubtedly the interest Mr. Ford has shown in preserving old houses has stimulated an interest by historical societies in all parts of the country to preserve and restore old houses and landmarks having to do with their own local history. It is a pleasure always to find an old house such as this ancient one in Newport carefully restored to its original condition and we wish for the Newport people a successful "Old Port day".

Wednesday. August 7. 1929. Pleasant. cool. 70°

Many. many visitors throughout the day. and among them Mr. Edmonds. the new manager of the Ford Motor Company Branch in Somerville. Mr. Edmonds had been out to the Inn several times since he came to Boston. but this time he brought his own family to have dinner with us. A party of thirty young people from Camp Annalist Lodge. in Stow. Mass. were visitors this afternoon.

THE BOSTON HERALD,

People You Ought to Know

NO. 82—RALPH ADAMS CRAM

Mr. Cram is a well known architect and has a summer house in Sudbury. On the grounds of his estate he has designed and built a very beautiful little Chapel which is open to the public on Sundays when services are arranged in it.

On one occasion. Mr. Cram brought members of his office staff to the Inn for tea and when in Sudbury. Mr. & Mrs. Cram occasionally come to the Inn for dinner.

Thursday. August 8, 1929. Pleasant 70°

Early this morning a party of twenty-five Michigan teachers, sponsored by the geography department of the Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, visited the Inn. They are touring in a Bus through New England and said that this was by far the most interesting place they had been on their trip. In the afternoon Judge and Mrs. Warner Graham of Bellows Falls, Vermont, made themselves known as having been invited by Mr. Ford to visit the Inn as his guests and with their small son, they stayed about two hours, visiting the coach house and school house and partaking of tea at the Inn. As their time was somewhat limited, they were in a little hurry, but we look forward to seeing them again for they were delightful guests. Judge Graham spoke of meeting Mr. & Mrs. Ford in Washington when they were guests at a dinner given by Attorney-General Sargent at the New Willard Hotel and expressed much appreciation in having been invited by Mr. Ford to visit the Inn.

Friday. August 9. 1929. Cloudy. warm 77°

A lady guest who came to the Inn last Spring, noticed that our Sheffield Plate Toast-rack in the dining room lacked an [illegible] cups on each end of it. There were spaces for the cups to fit on, but the cups were missing. To-day, she brought out two very old cups which were originally on a toast rack that she possessed and they exactly fit on to our toast rack, making it complete. She said that his toast rack was broken some time ago and she had saved the cups and wanted us to have them.

Mrs. Spicer from Grosse Point Farms, Michigan with members of her family spent the night here to-night, occupying rooms on the second floor as the third floor rooms were well occupied before she arrived. Mrs. Spicer is an intimate friend of Mrs. Ford, having been here as a guest with Mrs. Ford on one of two occasions in the past.

Saturday. August 10. 1929. Cloudy. warm 74°

Another busy day with a great many people coming to see the house in the afternoon. During the afternoon both Mr. + Mrs. Ford arrived to spend a few days with us. It is a great pleasure to have Mr. + Mrs. Ford here and we only wish that they could come more often.

This is a picture of the wing of the house which Mr. + Mrs. Ford occupy when they are here.

This wing of the Inn was originally a wood-shed, detached from the Inn a little further to the right of the Inn than it is now.

Monday August 12. 1929. Very warm 77°

Much to our regret Mr. + Mrs. Ford left this afternoon after spending Sunday here. but we hope to see them again in the not too distant future. Mr. Campbell. however. is staying over with his family till the end of the week.

A tall. thin. middle-aged man walked up to the Bar this afternoon and announced himself as being a son of Mr. Lafayette Dadman. Lafayette Dadman and his family were tenants at the Inn between the years 1875 and 1889 during the time that Mr. James Pyffer owned the house. Mr. James Pyffer was a grandson of Mrs. Rebecca Balcom Pyffer who left her to the Inn after the death of Lyman Howe. Our visitor today was Mr. Willie Dadman and he recalls that when he lived here he was about ten or eleven years old. He remembers that his mother used the Bar room as a kitchen and that the Parlor was called the Public Guest room. We have heard that meals were served in the Parlor at one time and it was undoubtedly at this time when the Bar room was being used as a kitchen. Like a real boy. Mr. Dadman and his Brothers had many good times here at the Inn and Mr. Dadman spoke of one occasion when he and some people from Marlboro hunted coons. all night long. in the vicinity of the Inn. Mr. Dadman had three brothers. Archie who works on the Bowditch Farm in Framingham. Hallie who is editor of the Gazette-Courier in Greenfield. Mass. and Frank who died some years ago. Willie has now changed his name to Will and is living in Shirley. Mass. He seemed to enjoy visiting the Inn again and took pleasure in reminiscing about the place and the good times he had here:

The Grade School boys are also keeping a journal, of daily happenings at the school, which will be an interesting historical record of school activities written by the boys themselves. Some of the boys have been appointed as "reporters" and they have recorded many little incidents and events in the school life which will be of great interest to those who read the books especially to those who read it in future years.

Tuesday August 13. 1929. Sultry. cloudy 71°

It was a usual summer day with visitors coming constantly all day long; the morning and evening being especially busy. In the evening the over night guests enjoyed going about through the house and they all seemed to be especially interested and appreciative of the opportunity to spend the night here. Mr. Hewitt, who visits Mrs. Hewitt and their son came from their home in New Haven to spend a night here on their way to a vacation trip in Nova Scotia, said before he left: "We feel that it has been a great privilege to stay here."

Wednesday. August 14. 1929. Sultry. cloudy 69°

While one of the hostesses was telling the story in the Parlor this morning, a tall, large elderly man with white locks and flowing beard was listening very attentively. When the hostess mentioned Ole Bull as having been the "musician" in the Tales of a Wayside Inn, he interrupted with strong, clear voice and before the large group

[illegible]

of people that had gathered there. he said: "I knew Ole Bull. He lives in West Lebanon, Maine about a mile from Ole Bull's old home. I recall hearing Ole Bull play on his violin and his wife played on the piano. Oh! He was a wonderful player!" The hostess later learned that the man who spoke was Mr. Albert S. Stackpole, eighty-seven years of age and a Civil War Veteran. By his keen, alert mind and stately bearing, one would never suspect that Mr. Stackpole to be as old. He enlisted with Company G, 6th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers and with the exception of a slight feebleness in his step, he seems very well and happy. Mr. Stackpole was delighted that friends should bring him over from Lowell, Mass. where he is visiting, to see the Inn. He enjoyed going about through the rooms and reminiscing about old things that he had seen and used when a boy. We were fortunate! - get Mr. Stackpole's autograph for the Journal.

Thursday. August 15, 1929

Very warm

A gentleman from Connecticut seemed to blend into the picture to-day as he appeared at the front door; his short erect figure clothed in a rather antiquated cut-away coat and in his right hand he carried an umbrella, rolled up loosely, with a large [illegible] in the handle. His thin lips outlined a rather set mouth but his sharp eyes twinkled, revealing a sense of humor. On removing his yellowish panama hat, a shiny bald head appeared with a slight fringe of white hair around the edge coming down into side-burns on either side of his rosy cheeks. He was one of the "old school" seldom seen now-a-days.

Miss De Mille, one of the hostesses who "commutes" from Framingham every day. She has been at the Inn for about two years and in that time has made herself a valuable addition to the hostess staff. During the winter Miss De Mille gives violin lessons to the boys at the Trade School and the girls boys that are taking the lessons are showing much improvement and ability in their music. Miss De Mille is always very helpful when an orchestra is arranged to play for our entertainments, such as at Christmas time and Easter.

Friday. August 16. 1929 Cool. very pleasant 72°

We are having literally hundreds of visitors each day starting early in the morning & till late at night. The hostesses are kept very busy answering questions and telling the story to groups of people who gather in a very short time to hear about the house. Often two hostesses in different rooms are talking to audiences of forty or fifty people at the same time.

Saturday. August 17. 1929. Warm. pleasant.

A small group of boy scouts were the first visitors this morning and all through the day many visitors came to see the house. At noon time, seventy members of the Philadelphia Life Insurance Company, including wives and friends of members, had dinner in the large dining room. After dinner they adjourned to the small ball-room where one of the hostesses told them the story of the house. Later they went about on the grounds and seemed to enjoy themselves here very much. In the latter part of the afternoon the house was filled with guests, many people coming in for tea or dinner. A gentleman to-day from Pittsfield, Mass. acknowledged said that he was very much interested in early American furniture; that he had collected it for many years though not a dealer. After going about through the house he remarked that he had never seen a finer collection of early Americana and that there were several things here that he had never seen before. He confirmed the statement some of the hostesses have been making that the words "Bar" originated from the portcullis over the bar which let down to protect the Bar-tender when things in the Bar room became too lively. We usually think of the shelf as being the Bar.. but it was the gate that let down in front of the Bar-tender; it was the Bar.

Monday. August 19. 1929. Showers. cool. 73°

Although a disagreeable day with clouds and showers. there were many visitors throughout the day. Miss Barbara Maynard from Sudbury. who has been helping us temporarily through the summer on the hostess staff. completed her duties with us on last Saturday evening and to-day Mr. John Fabree has come to be "bar-tender" or in other words to assist at the desk in taking meal orders and admissions and to sell the books and post cards. John has worked at the Inn before, in summer vacation time, while earning his way through Wesleyan University. This year in June he completed his college course and we are glad to have him back again as he is a fine, nice looking, likeable young fellow.

Tuesday. August 20. 1929. Pleasant. cool. 71°

Dr. & Mrs. Montgomery from Washington D.C. spent part of the day with us, coming as guests of Mr. Ford. They partook of dinner at the Inn at noon time and visited the grounds and the school house in the afternoon. They were delightful people and charmed with the place. Dr. Montgomery is now minister of the Methodist church in Washington although brought up in the Episcopal denomination. This was an exceedingly busy day with approximately a thousands visitors.

Wednesday. August 21. 1929. Pleasant. cool. 69°

Another very. very busy day and an interesting coincidence occurred outside the door of the Mary Lamb School House to-day when the pastor of the Congregational church in a remote town in Iowa. met one of his parishioners and family by chance in the school yard. Neither party knew that the other was to be here and had not seen each other for several weeks. It put us in mind of the similar coincidence two years ago when next-door neighbors from Los Angeles accidentally met in the hall way of the Inn.

Thursday, August 22, 1929. Pleasant, warmer 71°

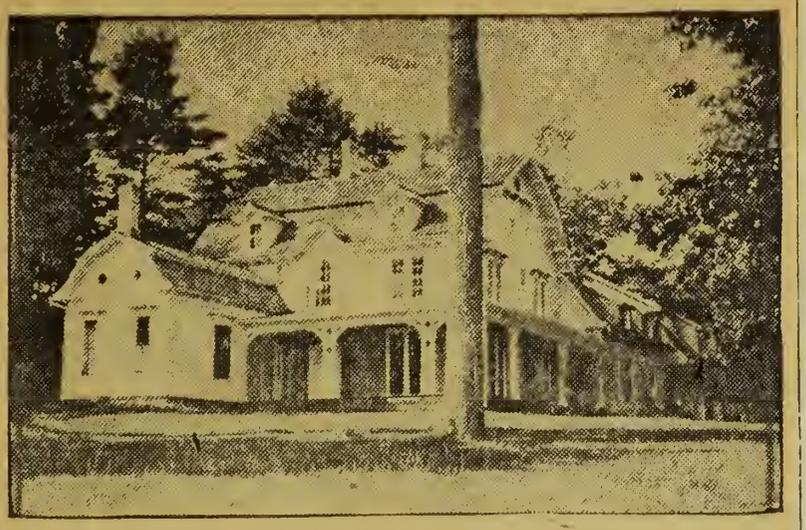
Although not as many visitors as on the two previous days, there were enough to keep the hostesses busy all day long in telling the story, answering questions and arranging tea and dinner for the guests. Professor Thomas of the English Department of Harvard University was an enthusiastic, interested visitor in the morning and spoke of bringing some of his classes to see the Inn sometime. He said that Professor Dana kept "open house" for some of the students at Craigie House last year and he thought they would enjoy a visit here after leaving Longfellow's home. We are constantly reminded of Mr. Ford's new museum of early Americana in Dearborn and below is a clipping from the Boston Herald of to-day showing a recent acquisition for the Colonial Village.

COURTHOUSE BOUGHT BY HENRY FORD

The old postoffice courthouse at Lincoln, Ill., the first courthouse in Logan county, was the scene of the trial of many lawsuits in which Abraham Lincoln was counsel.

Boston
Herald
August 24. 1929.

WILL PRESERVE MEMORY OF POET

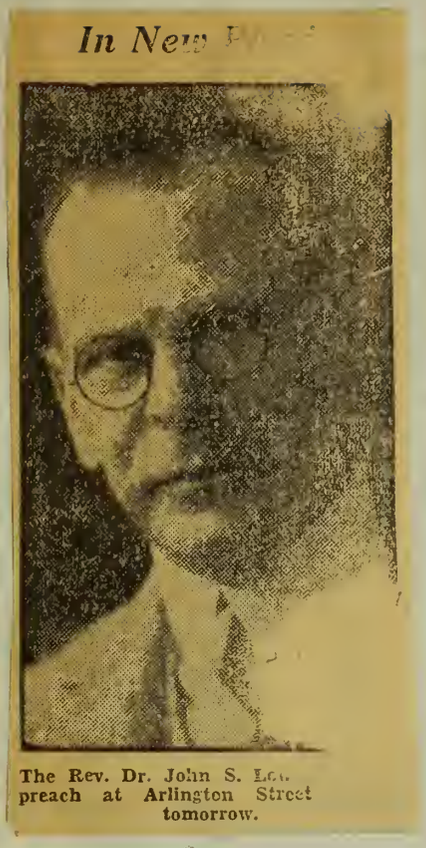


Old William Cullen Bryant homestead at Cummington; dedicated yesterday.

Friday. August 23. 1929. Fair 75°

It is interesting for us to note that the William Cullen Bryant homestead at Cummington Mass. is to be preserved and to-day appropriate dedication ejercises were held there. William Cullen Bryant was of course a contemporary of Longfellow and we are glad that New England people are so honoring this famous poet.

There were not quite as many people at the Inn to-day as on our busiest days. but it was a typical summer day with visitors coming constantly from morning till night. Interest in the Mary's Lamb School House does not wane and the visitors seem to delight in seeing the building, sitting down in the little seats and recalling their own school days to mind. The hostess at the school often speaks of Mc Guffeys Readers and when she does so there are generally several people who remember having used them in school. On a day in July three ladies came to the school house who had used Mc Guffey's reader in school; one from Van Buren, Arkansas, one from Kansas City, Missouri, one from Litchfield, Illinois. And speaking of Mary and her little lamb, a lady in Francestown, New Hampshire, Miss Bertha March an authoress, is living in the Willard Cottage there for the summer and advertises it to be the married home of Mary; the house is called The Mary and her little Lamb Cottage and is open to the public with a gift shop in connection.



Herald. Aug 24. 1929.

Saturday Aug 24. 1929. Fair. warm 76

This is not a very good picture of our friend Mr. Lowe, but we are always glad to have news of any member of "The Retreat" family. For every member of the Retreat family is an important member of the Wayside Inn family and we are already looking forward to next January when they will be with us again.

It seemed as if most of our guests to-day came between the hours of three and four this afternoon when a great many people arrived almost at the same time; coming in individual groups however. Quite a few of our guests this past week have been members of the International Physiological Congress which has been convening in Boston during the week.

Monday. August 26. 1929. Warm. pleasant 77°

A new hostess joined our staff to-day. Miss Elliott, from Framingham Center. She is to be here between the hours of 8 and 4:30 and will be of much assistance during the day time when the majority of visitors are here. There were many visitors to-day all enjoying the house and grounds and expressing much appreciation at being able to share this old house and its many historical associations with Mr. Ford.

Tuesday. August 27. 1929. Warm. pleasant 82°

Appreciative guests who came to stay over-night with us to-night were Mr. & Mrs. Bacon and small daughter from Danbury, Connecticut. Both Mr. & Mrs. Bacon were delighted with the house for they were from very old families of Danbury and had always lived in an atmosphere of old things, having a genuine love and appreciation of them. This was a typical Summers day with visitors coming from all parts of the country to visit the Inn.

Wednesday, August 28, 1929. Cooler. pleasant 71°

The Trade School Boys, or fourteen of them, with Mr. Varricchione are spending the week in a vacation outing in Danville, N.H. We have received cards from several of the boys announcing that they are having a very good time "camping out" and undoubtedly the rest and change will do them worlds of good. We miss them very much at the Inn, especially at luncheon and dinner time.

To-day the Blue Line Bus brought nearly fifty people for dinner at noon time and altogether it was an exceedingly busy day, as Wednesdays are apt to be in the summer time.

We are as interested as other people in Massachusetts in the Tercentenary celebration which is to be held during most of the year 1930 commemorating the settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, three-hundred years ago.

Salem Will Begin the Tercentenary Series

Herbert Parker to Be Orator at a Union Meeting on September 8

The first official 300th anniversary celebration of the Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary period in New England will be held in the Tabernacle Church of Salem on Sunday evening, Sept. 8, with Herbert Parker as orator of the day. This day is the 300th birthday of self-government in New England.

On this date three hundred years ago, the stockholders of the Massachusetts Bay Company met in England at the house of the deputy governor of the corporation and at the solicitation of John Winthrop and his associates voted to transfer the charter and government of the company from England to New England. Up to this time the company had been merely an English business enterprise managing a plantation at Salem.

Some Puritan gentlemen under the leadership of John Winthrop had previously held a meeting in Cambridge, England, at which they agreed to remove to the colony, if the corporation would transfer the charter and government from England to Massachusetts. The vote on Sept. 8 was passed in compliance with this request and promise. It led to a great emigration of Puritans to the New World and as a result a trading company became a self-governing body politic and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was founded.

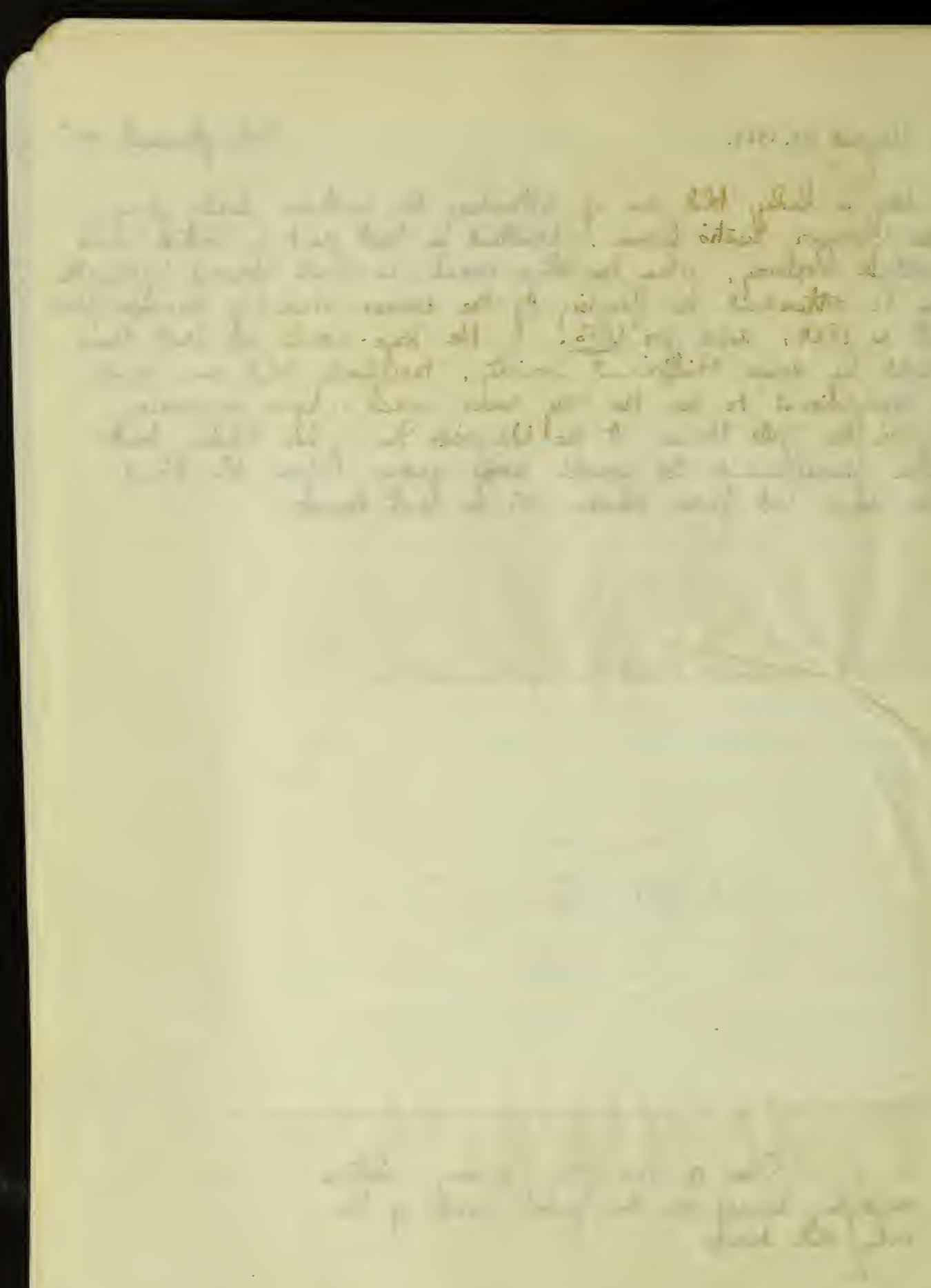
In preparing the plans for this historical service the Salem tercentenary committee had the co-operation of Protestant churches in Salem, as the plans call for a union service. The plans met with the approval of the participating ministers who selected the Tabernacle Church as the most centrally located edifice in the city. Three of the city's clergymen were chosen for a committee to prepare the program in detail. These three are Rev. Thomas H. Billings, Ph.D., chairman; Rev. Milo E. Pearson, D.D., and Rev. Cornelius P. Trowbridge.

Sudbury, being one of the oldest towns in the Commonwealth, undoubtedly there will be many visitors in this vicinity next year and an added number to our visitors at the Inn. Sudbury was incorporated as a town in 1639. John Howe, the immigrant ancestor of the Wayside Inn "Howes" was one of the first settlers of Sudbury, coming to this Country from England in 1638.

Thursday. August 29. 1929. Cool. pleasant. 68°

To-day a lady told us of attending the auction held years ago at the Governor Custis house, located in that part of Boston which is now called Roxbury, when the stage coach in which General Lafayette rode when he attended the laying of the corner-stone of Bunkers Hill Monument in 1824, sold for $1.50! The stage-coach at that time was bought by some Historical Society, the lady told us, and she was surprised to see the very same coach, now reposing peacefully in the Gate House at the Wayside Inn. We believe that Mr. Lemon purchased the coach some years before Mr. Ford bought the Inn. but from whom. we do not know.

One of our very young visitors enjoying herself on the front porch of this very old house.



The historic house of Nathaniel Hawthorne, known as "Wayside," on Lexington Road, Concord, has been opened to the public this season. The Concord Antiquarian Society is trying to arouse public interest in the place, to prevent it from being sold for commercial purposes.

The house was named "Wayside" by Hawthorne, and has an antiquarian as well as literary interest as it had its beginnings in the seventeenth century or early in the eighteenth. Possibly it was a settler's cabin or a lean-two of four rooms, to which the other parts were built on later. The Alcott family occupied the place before the Hawthornes settled there and the girls used to play "Pilgrim's Progress" up and down the stairs. At Wayside, Hawthorne completed "Tanglewood Tales" and several other works.

Boston Transcript
Aug 31. 1929.

To Make "Wayside" Permanent Shrine

Allen French, Mrs. Herbert Butterick Hosmer, Mrs. Woodward Hudson and Chilton Cabot are among the prominent Concord people who are endeavoring to raise sufficient money in order to establish "Wayside," the old Hawthorne-Alcott house in Concord, as a permanent national literary shrine.

Friday. August 30. 1929. Partly cloudy 67°

Here again we find an interest in preserving the literary shrines of New England; this time in Concord where it is hoped that the historic house of Nathaniel Hawthorne can be made a permanent national historic shrine. The house is known as "the Wayside" and because of its literary associations contemporaneous with those of the Wayside Inn, the two houses are often confused by persons unfamiliar with them.

A great many visitors to-day and probably the beginning of the holiday week-ends tourists who are on their way to spend Labor day at some sea-side or mountain resort.

Saturday. August 31. 1929. Pleasant. warm 70°

Mr. Winslow Warren, President-General of the Society of Cincinnati was among our guests to-day. He lives near-by in Dedham and has been to the Inn many times. Mr. Warren is 92 years old, however, and did not come with the Cincinnati Society when they were here in the Spring as guests of Mr. Ford. We invited Mr. Warren to come and see us soon again and he promised to do so sometime in the Fall.

The latter part of the afternoon found the house literally filled with visitors, many coming in for dinner and tea.

Monday. Sept 2. 1929. (Labor day) Warm. pleasant 88°

As usual on a holiday we were very busy all day long with many guests coming in to see the house. We are apt to have more "sight-seers" on a holiday than dinner or tea guests.
Miss Hopkins. teacher in the Mary Lamb School returned to-day after spending her summer vacation in Maine.

The above picture is of Mrs. Violet P. Gray. who for the past three years has been an assistant in Mr. Boyer's office. She completed her duties here on Saturday and is to take up a course in Institutional Management at Simmons College.

Tuesday. Sept 3. 1929. Very warm. pleasant 92°

It being a very warm day and the day after a holiday, there seemed to be considerable let up in the number of visitors. The Trade School boys started in afresh with their work to-day after a weeks vacation and twelve new boys arrived to complete the number of thirty that the school has accomodation for.

Wednesday. Sept 4. 1929. Cooler. pleasant 80°

Hardly a day goes by but we have requests for information regarding the first settlers of Sudbury or questions asked about the genealogy of the Howe family. Recently a Mr. Rice and to-day a Mr. Gibbs. both families names in the early history of Sudbury. were seeking information regarding their ancestors. Mr. Gibbs a clergyman from New York City spoke of reading some time ago in some of the Gibbs family genealogy that a member of the Gibbs family once lived at the Wayside Inn. It would be interesting to follow up this "clue" and Mr. Gibbs has kindly said he would try and find further information regarding it. Descendents of the Howe family connected definately with John Howe, the "immigrant ancestor" of the Inn, are desirous of labouring first where they come into the line of the Inn Howes. Also Mr. Molineaux asked for any information we might have about the William Molineaux who scratched his name and date and the "jovial rhyme" on the window panes in the parlor which Longfellow speaks of in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn". Our historical file contains an extract from the Molineaux geneology regarding this particular William Molineaux and we were able to give our guest the desired information. Photostats of old, early maps of Sudbury, the historical data and Howe geneology collected and sent in, since Mr. Ford purchased the Inn, has been quite helpful. Also the History of Sudbury and Sudbury Vital Records have been of assistance to inquiring guests.

The Red Stone School opened to-day for the Fall term. Evidently other schools in the vicinity and throughout the country re-opened. for there was noticeably a dropping off of children among our guests to-day.

Enclosing the field opposite the Inn where the sheep graze

By the Red Stone School House.

Portions of the many old time stone walls that may be seen on lands surrounding the Inn. They represent the courage and perseverance displayed by our forefathers in wresting from the soil. No matter how hard the labor, anything which would serve a purpose in helping them to establish their homes and townships in this wonderful New England.

Thursday. Sept 5. 1929. Cloudy. rain 68°

Fireplaces alight gave warmth and cheer to the house to-day and guests seemed to enjoy the comfort and cosiness afforded, after coming in from the damp, chill atmosphere outside.

The Christian Science Monitor has been publishing these little sketches giving information on interesting historic old houses in Massachusetts and we think it worth while to keep them for future reference and because we are always interested in other old historic houses.

Here Settlers Escaped Indians

Old Indian House, Deerfield, Mass. 8-31-29

Town Where Savages Heard Sermons Has Indian House Recalling Warfare

Every week day during July and August, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR publishes an illustrated historical sketch, briefly describing places of interest to visitors at the Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary celebration in the summer of 1930.

Deerfield, Mass., immediately recalls an association of colonists with Indians. The Old Indian House there which sheltered the early settlers from Indian attacks is, therefore, especially interesting.

The original house was built in 1696 by John Sheldon, ensign. It was mortised and tenoned, without a single nail in its entire structure, and without plaster on its interior. The present Indian house, which is built in the same manner, is as faithful a copy as possible of the original. Some of its elaborate room paneling was made from material brought from the old North Station in Boston.

In view of the exceptionally peaceful aims and origin of Deerfield, it seems odd that all the remnants of its important history should have to do with warfare. Here the white-haired Eliot prayed and here he preached to roving savages. Yet, when events stirred the braves to hostility, no town suffered more at the hands of the Indians than Deerfield.

Visitors to the town will also want to see the Frary House and the Memorial Hall. The Frary House was built by Samson, son of John and Prudence Frary, before the streets of the town were laid out. Samson was driven away during King Philip's war, but returned before 1685, it is believed, and built this house.

In 1784 the house was sold, enlarged and used as a tavern. In 1890 Miss C. Alice Baker, sixth in descent from Samson Frary, bought the house and restored it to such a condition that today it is one of the most interesting buildings in the town.

Over the "bar" in the old "tap room," where in 1775 Benedict Arnold sealed a bargain for 15,000 of beef for the Continental Army, temperate refreshments are offered nowadays.

Friday. Sept. 6. 1929. Damp. cloudy 85°

It is surprising to us to find that some of our guests know absolutely nothing about the Inn until they arrive here; sometimes happening to be among large groups of people whose "tour manager" has arranged a stop over at the Inn. A lady to-day said: "What is this place? I have never heard of it before." The hostess explained that it was the Wayside Inn immortalized by the poet Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" but the guest said again: "I have never heard of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn". Later this guest joined a hostess who was telling in detail the history of the house and its furnishings and that in the Parlor through two explanations of the room as given by the hostess. On leaving our guest spoke with much appreciation of the opportunity afforded her to see the place and the enlightenment given her by the hostess as to its history.

Saturday. Sept. 7. 1929. Cloudy. rain.

In spite of the damp. cloudy weather we are having, there is little rain and everything is very. very dry including the flower gardens. Mr. Lee is sending in an abundance of Gladiolus flowers. and there are many large bouquets of them in the house. Most of the coloring this year are the pale pastel shades of pink and yellow and some of white with faint tinges of red and orange. The guests admire them very much and they lend a great deal of color to the rooms.

To-day was rather quiet with the exception of the latter part of the afternoon when many people came in to see the house and for tea and dinner. One of our guests to-day, a man who has been here several times before, is leaving this vicinity soon to spend the winter in Florida. But, he said. "I wanted to have one more chicken dinner at the Wayside Inn before I left."

Monday. Sept. 9. 1929. Damp, rainy 84°

Mr. & Mrs. Oberlin and Mr. & Mrs. Love from Adrian, Michigan paid us a short visit this morning. They arrived yesterday afternoon to find the house closed to visitors. The man in charge let them in, however, but they spent the night near-by and returned this morning for another little visit. Mr. & Mrs. Oberlin are friends of Mr. & Mrs. Raymond in Adrian - Mrs. Raymond being Mrs. Ford's sister - and as they had heard much about the Inn, they were anxious to make a stop over here while on a motor trip through New England. We could not persuade them to make us a longer visit, however, as they had made other plans to continue on their way.

It being a very unpleasant day outside, most of our visitors to-day were people from a distance, touring through New England and making it a special point to see the Inn, rain or shine.

Among our over night guests to-night were Baron and Baroness de Luge from Saumur, France, with their two daughters.

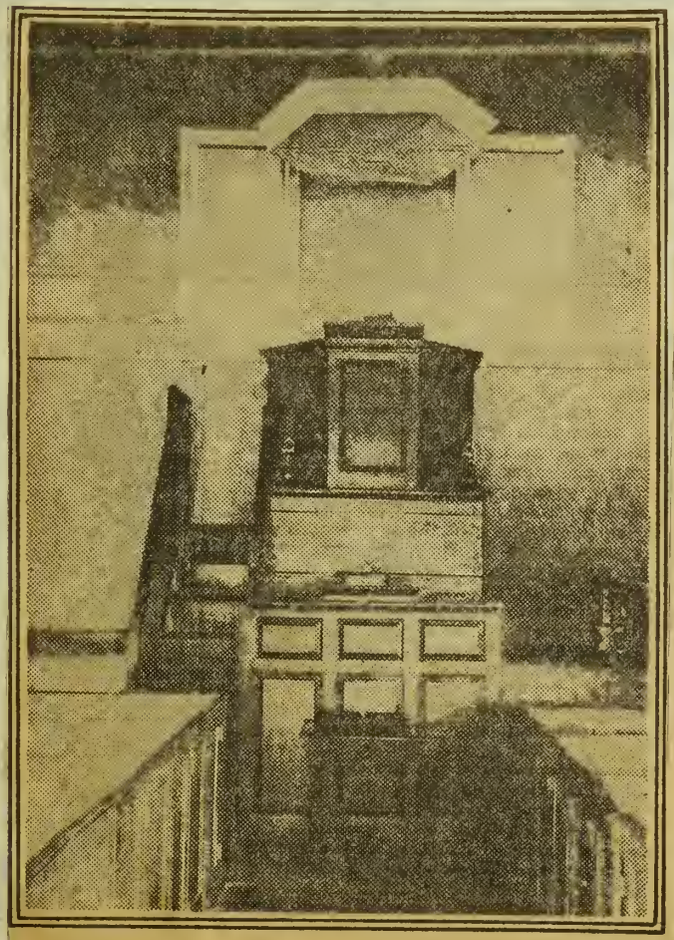
Tuesday. Sept 10. 1929. Warm, sultry 84°

In mentioning Longfellow and Ole Bull as being the "Musician" in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" the hostess in the Parlor this afternoon felt a pull on her sleeve and turned to find a well-dressed nice looking lady at her side, with face beaming with interest and pleasure. The lady was Miss Nellie M. Gilchrist of 300 Pontiac Avenue, Providence who told the hostess that when a young girl living in Brooklyn, N.Y. her mother had taken her to the funeral of Ole Bull. Her father and mother were both prominent in musical circles in New York. And more - Miss Gilchrist said that when eight or nine years old, she was chosen from the school she attended in Brooklyn, to represent her school at Longfellow's funeral. A child from every school in Brooklyn went over to Cambridge to pay respect to the poet beloved by all children throughout the land.

Miss Welch, our resident hostess left this morning for a weeks vacation to be spent with her sister at Eastern Point, Gloucester.

The House in Grand Pre to Be Used as a Museum

As we are honoring Longfellow here because of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Grand Pre is becoming a shrine for lovers of Longfellow because of "Evangeline"



First Church Built There by the Planters

GRAND PRE, Nova Scotia, immortalized by Longfellow in "Evangeline," is becoming a mecca for an increasing number of summer visitors. A park has been opened in the town in which are to be found a replica in stone of the old Acadian church, a bronze monument of Evangeline and a row of willows planted by the pioneers from Normandy, and probably it will not be long before a hotel bearing the name of Longfellow will be opened in the neighboring town of Wolfville, the seat of Acadia University. But though most Americans are well acquainted with Evangeline, comparatively few know anything of the epoch-making decade previous to the expulsion of the Acadians. A movement is now on foot to revive the history of that stirring period, to make it more generally known to New Englanders, whose forebears figured so prominently and sacrificially in its annals and to honor the memory of Colonel Arthur Noble, commander of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, and one hundred or his officers and men, who with him laid down their lives in Grand Pre in the winter of 1747.

Wednesday. Sept 11. 1929. Cool. pleasant 68°

Evangeline Adams. noted astrologer of New York and one of the most prominent women in the United States. was a guest to-day and registered in our Special Guest book. She was much interested in the house and kindly offered to send us autographed copies of two of her books for the Wayside Inn Library. Our library is housed in the little closet by the side of the fireplace in the Parlor and contains about three hundred volumes. Among the books are several first editions. some autographed copies and many books that we use very often for reference. Guests enjoy looking at the books and magazines which we have placed conveniently about on the tables in the Bar-room and parlor. A book recently added to the library is called "Made in America" by Susan Smith and is written primarily for children, telling of some interesting early American craftsmen. such as Paul Revere and Thomas Jefferson, "First American Architect." Also there is a chapter on Sandwich Glass and Cape Cod Whalers and one on early American Historians. The book is small and will be enjoyed by some of our older guests as well as by our younger visitors.

Thursday. Sept 12. 1929. Very pleasant. cool. 68°

On the Daniel Webster desk in the Parlor this morning is a single stalk of Gladiolus arranged artistically in a tall glass vase. and the blossom is known as the "Henry Ford" variety. The color is deep magenta and the buds and blossoms grow out from the stem at opposite angles. sort of fan shaped. instead of at irregular distances. Mr. Lee the gardner. explained that he has had this bulb for the past three years but not until this year has it blossomed out as well.

Our very first guests this morning registered from Johannesburg. South Africa and during the day there was a group of psychologists from the International Congress of Psychology now convening at New Haven. Turkey. China. Syria. India were all represented by the latter group.

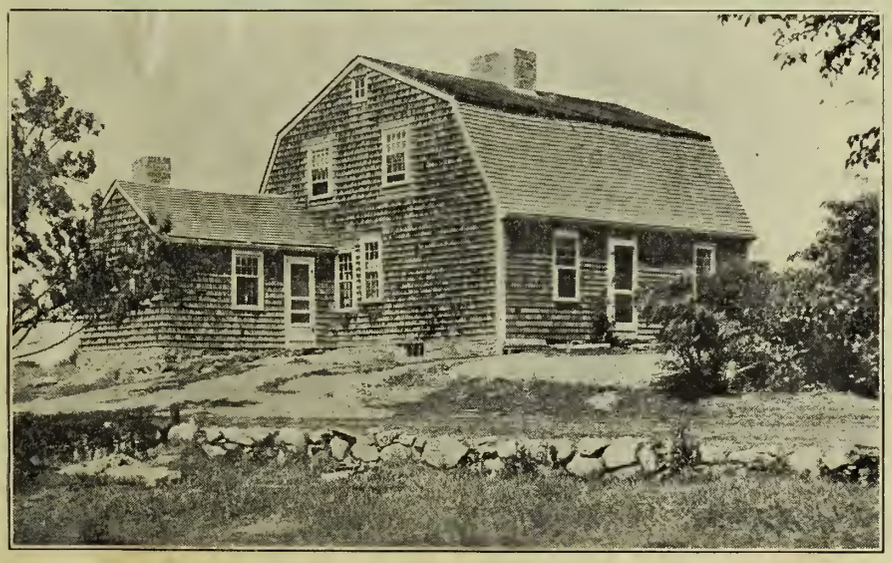
Friday. Sept 13. 1929. Cold. rain. 64°

Another "Special" guest to-day was Mrs. Russell B. Harrison. daughter-in-law of President Benjamen Harrison. Mrs. Harrison lived at the White House practically all of the time during President Harrison's administration and the Commission given to Mrs. Harrison's father during the time of the Civil War was the last paper signed by President Lincoln before the Presidents' assasination. Mrs. Harrison expressed much appreciation of the Inn and was pleased to put her autograph in our Special Register.

Saturday. Sept 14. 1929. Warm. damp 76°

We had the pleasure of having Mrs. Edsel Ford and the four children. come for a little visit with us to-day on their way home from Seal Harbor. Maine where they have been spending the summer. They arrived in time for luncheon, rested a bit, and then were on their way to take the train from Worcester to Detroit. We enjoy very much these little "glimpses" of Mrs. Edsel Ford's family.

There was not a great number of guests to-day probably because of the warm. sultry day and much humidity in the atmosphere



COMMODORE PERRY MUSEUM, WAKEFIELD, R. I.

Monday. Sept 16. 1929. Cool. very pleasant 74°

Cool. chill mornings and evenings make the fireplaces attractive to our guests and they hover around them. These first Fall-like days. Another sign of Fall are a few dry leaves scattered about on the front lawn, soon to be raked up into neat little piles and each day the piles of leaves will be larger until at last there will be no more leaves to drop from the trees - to raise into neat little piles! A dahlia. as large as a good sized chrysanthemum. of dull. burnt-orange color also bespeaks of Fall. It is much admired by the guests when they first see it on the Daniel Webster desk in the Parlor.
Longfellow writes of Autumn as follows:

Upon the hazel gray
The hype of Autumn hangs unstrung
And o'er its tremulous chords are flung
The fingers of decay

The air breathes chill and free.
A spirit in soft music calls
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown halls.
And sounds her withered tree

And Fall days too. always remind us of the opening of the colleges and schools in and about Boston and now-a-days we see many young students among our guests about to enter one of the well known educational institutions in this vicinity; usually Harvard or Wellesley. We are glad to have these young people become acquainted with the Inn and hope they will visit us more than once during their school year.

Tuesday. Sept 17. 1929. Rain. warm 80°

Speaking of schools, here is a picture of Mr. Ford re-opening the little school in Dearborn which he attended when a small boy. He has moved the school-house to the new-old Historical Village and the picture reminds us of the opening day of the Mary Lamb School here, which school is now such an important part of the little Wayside Inn community.

FORD REOPENS CHILDHOOD SCHOOL

The manufacturer became a schoolboy again when he took a seat with children who will receive their primary education in the Old Scotch settlement school where he learned his three Rs. The old school building, which Ford refitted and moved to his historical village in Dearborn, Mich., opened its doors again after having been abandoned for many years. Mr. Ford (centre) and Earl S. Nelson (right), who will conduct the school, with the children, shortly before school started. The children are all from Dearborn.

To-day, like every day, there were many inquiries at the Inn about the Mary Lamb School and many visitors were directed down the gravel-roadway in front of the house, to the right, over the "brick of stone" and across the field to the little red stone school. Miss Hopkins and her assistant take turnes in staying over in the school house after three o'clock every afternoon to tell visitors the fascinating story of the origin of the most famous poem of "Mary had a little Lamb."

Wednesday. Sept 18. 1929. Pleasant 62°

Devon cattle from the Wayside Inn Farm are on exhibition at the Eastern States Exposition now being held in Springfield. Mass. To-day a small group of people including Mr. & Mrs. Boyer from the Inn. went over to the Fair and arrived in time to see some of our own cattle being judged. The Wayside Inn cows and bulls certainly made a good showing among other cattle of the same class. In each case whether winning the Blue Ribbon or not. Wayside Inn cattle had a well-kept appearance. their hide was glossy and well trimmed. their horns were highly polished and their behavior in the ring very good. Four Wayside Inn animals won first prizes as follows:

	Name
Bull - 2 yrs. under 3	Wayside Chief
Heifer 1 yr. under 2	Wayside Rena
Heifer calf	Wayside Betty
Produce of cow	Cynthia Wayside Rena Betty

Second. Third. Fourth and fifth prizes were also won by Wayside Devons.

DEVON LOT NO. 352
Bull, 2 Yrs. Under 3
$30—$25—$20—$15—$10

984. Wayside Chief, 9689—Age, 8-26-26; sire, Blue Ribbon, 9431; dam, Primrose; Wayside Inn.
985. Duke of Velvet Roch, 9742—Age, 5-23-27; sire, Diamond Goulden Ridge, 9579; dam, Duchess 2nd, 16283; John E. Gifford.
986. Challinger of Hillside, 9703—Age, 9-30-26; sire, Batchelder's Devondale, 9575; dam, Buttercup 6th, 16634; W. H. Neal & Son.

There was the usual number of guests at the Inn to-day and as one hostess reported: "All the people were so interested, it was a joy to tell them about the things."

Thursday, Sept 19. 1929. Cool. very pleasant 68°

Friends of the Inn are kinds in sending us any information that might be of interest to us regarding the Inn in the old days. Recently a gentleman, Dr. John L. Coffin of Northboro, Mass., sent in a little verse which he wrote in the Register book when he visited the Inn on June 24. 1884. June 24th happened to be the day a hundred years previous, that William Molineaux Jr. scratched his name and date on a window pane in the Parlor of the Inn and on another pane he wrote a little rhyme. Longfellow speaks of the rhyme in the Prelude to the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and calls it a "jovial" rhyme.* Dr. Coffin, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the writing on the pane, wrote as follows in the Register.

"One hundred years ago to-day
A merrie night who here did stray
In cheery mood did write on pane
Stop here and drink! You'll come again
Now twice and twice have we obeyed:
Have both the meat and milk essayed
And better truth we do not know
Than what was writ by Molineaux
To-day, a hundred years ago!"

And then a lady in the same group with Dr. Coffin, wrote this:

"Two hundred years ago - this door
First creaked on hospitable hinge
To welcome man and bathe the floor
And ceil with sunlight's glorious tinge
All mellowed with the backing here
And just appreciably decayed"
It still extends the welcome cheer
As we will testify right here
While lunching neath the elm trees shade

* "What do you think
Here is good drink
Perhaps you may not know it
Do not in haste! do stop and taste
Ye merry folk will show it."

Friday. Sept 20. 1929. Cool. pleasant 64°

The Blue Line and Gray Line Bus Companies continue to bring groups of people to see the house these pleasant days and although there is not the constant stream of visitors through the house as in the summer time. there are between three and four hundred guests each day, and the rooms on the third floor are well occupied every night. Over-night guests seem to be especially appreciative of the house and feel that it is a great privilege to be able to stay over night here. Such was the case with a Mr. & Mrs. Chase from Philadelphia who stayed last night and were most sincere in their expressions of appreciation and enthusiasm as the hostess "bid the parting guests farewell"

"Where are they now? What lands and skies
Paint pictures in their friendly eyes?
What hope deludes, what promise cheers
What pleasant voices fill their ears?"

From Tales of a Wayside Inn

Saturday, Sept 21. 1929. Cool. pleasant 63°

A busy Saturday afternoon and the hostesses busy with the large groups of people who quickly assembled to hear the story of the house wherever and whenever it was being told. It is often amusing to see the expressions of interest and enthusiasm on the guests faces as they listen so intently to the history of the house and the many interesting relics described. And often the guests make witty remarks which help to liven the interest shown. One day, as a hostess was describing the Pipe tongs in the Bar-room and the different attachments for cleaning the pipe. tapping the tobacco into it and the tongs part for reaching into the fire to get a live coal to light the pipe, a gentleman in the group quickly remarked. "Everything but the "Self-Starter" for the pipe. I should say"!

A delegation of twenty. odd employees of the Hill Envelope Company in Worcester had dinner here this morning.

Indian Clambakes

In the days when the Wampanoag Indians claimed this section of the country and later when they first sold portions of it to the white men, they journeyed each year from their winter quarters on the shores of Mount Hope Bay to a place near Westport Point called, in recent years, Cape Bial—here to hold their annual clambake.

This trip was made partly by land and partly by water. The canoes were launched in Mount Hope Bay, paddled as far north as Steep Brook, then were carried by the Indians over the land to North Watuppa Pond, which in the Indian language means "at the place where they draw water". Here the Indians again launched their canoes and proceeded southward to a place on the east bank of the pond where a landing was made. From here the canoes were carried a distance of several miles along the trail to a point about one-eighth of a mile north of the present village of Head of Westport, near the old saw and grist mill. From this point the Indians paddled down the Noquochoke or Acoaxet River, past the present village of Head of Westport, past the present site of Hix's Bridge (where the trail from Acushnet to Seaconnet then crossed the river), and on past the present village of Westport Point then called Paquachuck, up the West River to a point which in recent years has been known as Cape Bial.

It was on Cape Bial that the Indian braves and their chief Massasoit prepared their annual feast—the clambake. This occasion was one of the important events of the year in the Wampanoag tribe, was long anticipated and long remembered by all those who participated in it. The heaps of clam shells that today can be seen on Cape Bial are said to be the remains of the clambakes held years ago by these Wampanoag braves.

It is doubtful if the Wampanoags ever called the stream which flows through Westport, "Noquochoke", as this word when translated means "the land at the fork" and refers to the section of land north of Westport Factory near Hixville where the streams divide. It is very probable that, instead, the Indians called the stream "Acoaxet"—a title found in many old deeds and surveys of the town—which means "the land on the other side of the little", the river thus was given the name of the country through which it flowed.

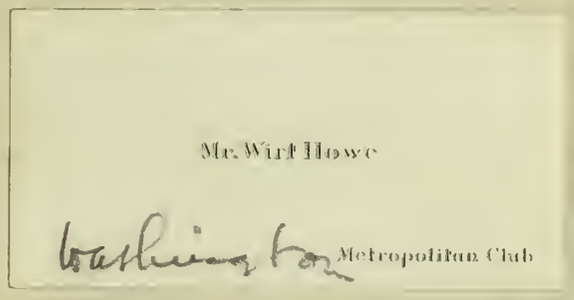
Ex. from WESTPORT TOWN HISTORY
by Gladys Gifford Kirby

Monday. Sept 23. 1929. Cool. pleasant. 70°

Owners of other inns and tea-houses, antique-shops and custodians of other historical houses, often stop here and tell us of their various enterprises. Recently a guest handed me the booklet telling of the old Indian Clam bakes which have been revived down near New Bedford at Westport, Massachusetts. Clams in every way, shape and manner are served. But Baked Clams are the specialty; baked the way the Wampanoag Indians used to bake them at their annual clam bakes held hundreds of years ago. We cannot claim that the Indians in this vicinity ever held clam bakes here. but we do know that there were many Indians in this region. There is said to be a Council Tree near by us on property now belonging to the Wayside Inn estate, where large gatherings of the Indians settled many questions of tribal disputes. They were Nipmucks and Mystic Indians in this valley of the Musketquid, as the Indians called the Sudbury river, and they belonged to the great tribe of Algonquins.

Tuesday. Sept. 24, 1929. Warmer. pleasant 76°

Several guests to-day spoke of being descendants of the original Howe family connected with the Inn, and as is most always the case. they wanted to know just where they could be joined on this branch of the family tree. It would require the services of an expert genealogist to trace them all. But we give them as much information as we possibly can. And often these guests can give us their own family lines which do connect them directly with the Inn Howe family. One gentleman to-day, Mr. Wirt Howe of Washington, D.C. is a great grandson of Job Howe of Crown Point N.Y. and another guest today was a Mr. How, spelling his name without the e. as is the original spelling of the name; the e having been added later. On the Coat-of-Arms "well framed and glazed" hanging over the mantle in the Parlor, the scroll reads "By the name of Howe."



Wednesday. Sept 25, 1929. Fair. warm. 82°

To-night one of our Wayside Inn friends, Mr. Henry Lowell Mason of Boston, kindly gave the boys of the Trade Schools a very interesting talk on music, in the large Ball room of the Inn. Mr. Mason's great uncle first introduced music into the public schools of Boston and, Mr. Mason's brother is now holding the chair of Music at Columbia University. Mr. Mason himself is connected with the firm of Mason and Hamlin, makers of the well known pianos. Therefore it was a rare opportunity for the boys to hear one as able as Mr. Mason, speak on the general subject of Music. The boys were very attentive and appreciative listeners and one of the new boys, one of the younger ones, showed his appreciation by saying to Mr. Mason after the talk - "I have shaken hands with you before, but I do want to shake hands with you again."

HENRY FORD'S OXEN WINNING PLOUGH RACE

(Photo by Leslie Jones, Herald staff photographer)
Capt. Fred Merritt, an old sea captain, is shown driving the oxen to victory at Southboro fair.

FORD TEAM WINS AT SOUTHBORO

Wayside Inn Horses and Oxen Awarded Prizes At Fair

BOSTON WOMAN FLOWER WINNER

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

SOUTHBORO, Sept. 25—The annual fair, cattle and horse show conducted this year jointly by the Southboro Farmers' Club and the Southboro Grange was by far the most successful ever held. Attendance exceeded all previous records by noon.

Henry Ford captured four blue ribbons in various events, two being for his handsome pair of draft horses from Wayside Inn and with prize oxen. Lyman school of Westboro shared first honors with Mr. Ford in oxen entries exhibition in the town hall. Flowers, vegetables, fancy work, canning and special exhibit of handicraft produced by Lyman school, Westboro, were the centre of attraction.

Wednesday. Sept 25. 1929.

Mr. Boyer found time to-day to take some of the hostesses over to the fair in Southboro. Wayside Inn oxen and draft horses won Blue Ribbons in some of the various events. It was a perfect "Fair" day and those who went over from here enjoyed the usual Fair crowds, the wholesome dinner served by the ladies of the Congregational Church and the various Fair exhibitions of vegetables. fruit. needlework etc.

Thursday . Sept 26. 1929. Fair. warm 80°

Our night guests, staying at the Inn last night, were Mr. & Mrs. M. J. Wendell of Birmingham. Michigan. Mrs. Wendell is the owner of an antique shop called the Bloomfield Hills Antique Shop which Mr. Ford has patronized several times. Consequently, Mr. & Mrs. Wendell stopped here overnight as guests of Mr. Ford and we found them to be delightful. appreciative guests. They arrived in time for dinner last evening and stayed through this morning.

The comfortable interior of one of the Universal Aviation Corporation's tri-motored, twelve-passenger cabin monoplanes

Friday . Sept 27. 1929. Fair. warm 67°

A picture showing anything as modern as the interior of an all-metal, tri-motored airplane hardly seems appropriate in this journal of the dear, old Wayside Inn. But the dear old Wayside Inn is not a tumbled-down relic of the past, it is a living, vital institution of the present and to-night it harboured the pilot of one of these monster airplanes. The gigantic ship, shining like a great silver bird in the air - landed at the new airport in Marlborough this morning, continuing an Educational tour arranged by the Universal Aviation Corporation and the Ford Motor Company. And the Inn - continuing to make history as well as to preserve it - housed under its old roof to-night, a Pilot - as in the old days it gave shelter to the Stage-coach driver, the Cattle-drover and the Teamster.

Saturday. Sept. 28. 1929. Fair. warm 70°

Hostesses. Trade School instructors and other employees of the Inn were most enthusiastic this morning about the initial meeting of a class in old fashioned dancing held last evening in the large Ball-room. It was planned to hold the class in the small ball-room. but so many responded to the invitation to become members of the class. thirty-two in all, that it was found necessary to use the larger room. Miss Elliott, one of the hostesses, is to be the instructress and she ably put the class through the first forms. courtesies etc. From reports, it is certain that a good time was had by all and all are looking forwards to the lessons which will be continued every Friday evening through the winter.

Monday. Sept 30. 1929. Cloudy + rainy 58°

The Textile room which has been successfully managed by workers from the North Bennet St. Industrial School in Boston, over in the Oak House this summer, closed its doors for the season on Saturday afternoon and to-day Miss Hewitt, the director. has been moving out and cleaning out the room. We shall miss the little industry of spinning and weaving near by, for it seemed to blend into the whole atmosphere of the old-time spirit here at the Inn; it so easily and naturally adapted itself to the setting and our guests all through the summer were most enthusiastic and appreciative of the opportunity to see this picturesque bit of art in practical operation. Parents were eager to have their children know of the way their great grandfathers spun and wove their own materials for use in making clothes. blankets; in fact all of the material used in the households of olden time was wound by hands; Spinning and Weaving was a very important, necessary industry in the old days. The large Spinning Wheel in the old kitchen of the Inn and the little flax wheel in the tower hall; the reel for winding yarn. the cards for combing the wools are all constant reminders of the long process involved and the long hours spent in careful preparation and making of cloth in the old days.

Miss Hewitt in charge of the Spinning and Weaving room in the Gate-house through the summer.

Evangeline Adams.

Tuesday. Oct 1. 1929. Cloudy 58°

As promised. Evangeline Adams, known as the world's foremost Astrologer. has sent us copies of her two books for the Inn Library. "The Bowl of Heaven" is an autobiography telling of the many interesting experiences Evangeline Adams has had in reading the horoscopes of thousands of persons; "the millionaire with his follies and the widow with her mite, society women. financiers. farmers wives. mothers with wayward children. presidential candidates. publishers. actors." The other book is called "Astrology. Your Place in the sun" and is a book on authentic Astrological knowledge. Both of these books have been autographed for us by the author and we feel that they are valuable additions to the library. Coming from all parts of the world, as our guests do. and with such a variety of interests and quests in life as they bring, it is fitting to have some memorial; some permanent record of their interest and appreciation of the old Inn - such as these books will show in the years to come.

Wednesday. Oct 2. 1929. Heavy rain all day 56°

It being a very "sombre" day outside with rain falling heavily and steadily, we ought to be thinking of something very bright and gay inside. But instead, we are thinking of our tall, stately timepiece in the Parlor of the Inn which Longfellow so appropriately calls the "sombre clock." Our clock is only sombre on the outside, however, for inside the shiny, brass works keep moving constantly and accurately and cheerfully, too, apparently, for when the bell strikes the hour, it gives a quick, lively ring as though it were very much alive and wide awake. Longfellow says that the "firelight" crowns the sombre clock with flame - the hands, the hours, the makers name, and evidently he was looking at the case of the clock which has on it the dark, black lacquer of the Orient and truely gives it a sombre appearance. It is thought that the clock was made in England about the year 1710 and the "makers name" is Edward Faulkner. The lacquering, so popular as a finish on furniture in China and Japan, was at this period being used by the cabinet makers of England, but try as they would, the cabinet makers of England could not lacquer their furniture as well as the cabinet makers of the Orient. Consequently, sometimes the clock cases were made in England and sent to the Orient to be lacquered; this process, including the time spent in transporting the cases to and from the Orient, took about two years. Whether our clock had this experience or not, we do not know. We do know, however, that even tho' "sombre", the lacquer is very beautiful and extremely well preserved and we would not think of exchanging our clock for even the one pictured called "America's most beautiful timepiece" which is now being much admired at the Century Exhibition in New York being held there for the benefit of the Girl Scouts of America.

America's Most Beautiful Timepiece

Among several excellent clocks, including a Simon Willard, there is one of breath-taking beauty. It is extremely tall, of richly toned mahogany, with a top reminiscent of the highboys made by Savery, of Philadelphia, with a gorgeous carved cresting. Edward Duffield, whose name is inscribed on the face of the clock, was Benjamin Franklin's friend and executor. This splendid timepiece is generously loaned by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Boston Transcript
Sept 28. 1929.

Thursday, Oct 3. 1929. Cloudy 60°

Mr. John H. Slack of Brockton, one of our guests to-day gave us a little interesting information about the old stage-coach over in the barn which used to run between Marlboro and Worcester in the old days. Mr. Slacks father drove the coach for some years and Mr. Slack remembers it very distinctly; how the coach would stop at the old hotel in Northboro and also make stops in Shrewsbury. Mr. Slack also remembers many of the old-time events in this vicinity and he promised to come back some day and tell us more about them.

English Home of Puritan Ancestor Gives Dawes Freedom of Borough

Herald 10-2-29

SUDBURY, England, Oct. 1 (AP)—This quaint old English borough, which numbers among its industries the manufacture of cocoanut bifre "welcome" mats for the doorsteps of the world, had only one big industry today, and that was the making of a rousing welcome for Ambassador Charles G. Dawes.

The ambassador was made an honorary freeman of the borough, from which one of his ancestors, William Dawes, set out with the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts in 1628.

He was hailed as the personification of America's vigorous advocacy of race by officials of the municipality. They added that Sudbury looked upon this American descendant of a 17th century Sudbury stone mason as her own contribution to the ranks of the world's statesmen.

To make it a suitable welcome, the band in Sudbury market place played "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," as the ambassadorial limousine rolled into town from London. Gen. Dawes, replied with his usual picturesqueness to the warmth of Sudbury's welcome.

Signing the roster of honorary freemen, he told the townspeople he thought it would have been impossible to pick a better ancestor for an American family than a Puritan stonemason from Sudbury, "a builder, not a destroyer, a constructor, not a critic. Also a man who did not run with the crowd."

The ambassador lunched with the townspeople in the regimental drill hall, drank a health with the mayor from a huge silver loving cup, spoke fatherly advice to the school children and shook hands with everybody in the town hall. Then he and Mrs. Dawes strolled through the town like home folk, chatting with the friendly people and visiting some of the historic buildings.

As he walked along the streets, the blue smoke from his well known underslung pipe trailed behind him, to the interest of the townsmen.

Sudbury's welcome included the whole Dawes family, and Mrs. Dawes was a centre of attention, particularly when she drank out of the silver loving cup which the ambassador and the mayor also used.

The above clipping is self explanatory. But naturally we are very much interested. Undoubtedly our town of Sudbury was settled and given its name by others of the puritan settlers who came from Sudbury, England to settle in the Massachusetts Bay Colony

Friday. Oct 4. 1929. Fair 60°

As each couple greeted Miss Elliott in the dancing class this evening, the lady made a graceful courtesy, while the gentleman bowed in return. Thus. Miss Elliott's pupils are progressing and learning the evening. all of the thirty-one persons present formed in line and were taught the correct steps of the waltz, and two-step. This being only the second lesson, some of the pupils still feel a little stiff and awkward, but Miss Elliott gives a few simple exercises at the start "to limber up" and these are very helpful. All who attend are eager and anxious to learn and while learning there is no doubt but that they are enjoying themselves. As one of the young men said: "I can't wait for next Friday evening and the next lesson!"

Saturday. Oct 5. 1929. Pleasant 64°

On the next page is a picture of Ramsey MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain who arrives in this country yesterday, bent on fostering International Peace. He is to confer with President Hoover and his visit is looked upon as very significant in bringing about a bond of peace and friendship between this country and Great Britain. His arrival is an historical event and while most of the historical events we are recording in this journal centers around the Inn - we must not overlook these great historical events of the nation. They are events which are being discussed around the hearth-fires here at the Inn; they are the modern Tales of a Wayside Inn and may play a greater part in the history of the Inn than we can dream of to-day.

Forty pupils, young ladies, from the Rogers Hall school in Lowell were tea guests this afternoon and spent about an hour looking about the house and grounds. There were many other tea guests this afternoon and many came in for dinner this evening.

The Bridge of Peace

Monday. Oct 7. 1929. Warm. pleasant 74°

Last Saturday evening. Wilbur B. Huston and his father Mr. S. Arthur Huston from Seattle. Washington were here for dinner. Mr. Wilbur Huston will be remembered as the young man who won the scholarship offered by Mr. Edison to the High School graduate of the present year. Who best answered a schedule of questions prepared by him. Two candidates were chosen from every state in the union and the papers were passed upon by a committee including Mr. Ford. The winner is to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology this fall. Both the young Mr. Huston and his father registered in our Special Guest Book. Also speaking of Mr. Edison. plans are now underway for an observance of "Lights Golden Jubilee" here at the Inn. The date is the 21st of this month and the Trade School Boys are arranging a little program to be given in the large Ball-room of the Inn on that evening.

A Prize team of oxen from the Wayside Inn Farm.

Tuesday, Oct 8. 1929. Colder. partly cloudy 58°

Again the congresswoman from this district paid the m a visit and as usual we found Mrs. Rogers to be a charming, gracious guest. She fluttered in with "her animated face always crinkling into a smile" as this very good article about her from the Boston Transcript says, and this time "her still girlish figure" was garbed in a most becoming riding habit - or should we say - flying suit. for Mrs. Rogers had just flown over to Marlboro in an aeroplane and came directly from the flying field to the In. In her arms, Mrs. Rogers carried a huge bouquet of flowers which had evidently been presented to her by fond admirers. And Mrs. Rogers certainly has many admirers. for as this article says. "She is as merry as Santa Claus" and "even when she violates congressional courtesy by inviting important constituents of other Massachusetts members to lunch, they swallow their indignation." Mrs. Rogers seems to enjoy resting here for a short time and to take a cup of tea - sometimes she even opens the large folders she carries under her arm and goes over material - perhaps material for a speech she is to make in the evening - but whether for work or play, Mrs. Rogers feels refreshed by her little visits here and says so - as she flits out the door!

Edith Nourse Rogers

But even widows differ, and we'll have to observe Mrs. Rogers apart from Mrs. Kahn. Edith Nourse Rogers is the daughter of a cotton mill official; a student at Mme. Julienne's in Paris, which did not dilute her bubbling, fervent patriotism; and a woman of means, which she modestly denies. Moreover, though sent to Washington because the lamented John Jacob was the idol of his Massachusetts district, she is not merely, like Mrs. Oldfield, her husband's ghost. Most eager of the gentlewomen, her still girlish figure is always fluttering to and from the Departments and the White House, large folders under her arm. Her persistence, it is said, lands ten men in government jobs to a colleague's one. Rarely does she take a vacation and then it's to fly home to inspect a military training camp from the air or to present school children with a flag. She admits she likes the publicity and everybody knows how she loves the flag. Her ceaseless flitting has not drained her good nature. She is as merry as Santa Claus, and her animated face is always crinkling into a smile. Even when she violates congressional courtesy by inviting important constituents of other Massachusetts members to lunch, they swallow their indignation. Who could be cross with dear, well-meaning Edith?

First Aid for the Heroes

Although protesting against her reputed wealth, she is the resource of every favor-seeking war hero turned down by his own hard-boiled congressman. Returning home after an energetic day at the Capitol, she is always certain to find two or three, waiting to be taken to dinner. A Red Cross nurse during the war, she subsequently became the personal agent of Presidents Harding and Coolidge in work among disabled veterans, and her interest in them is not political. No request they can make is too difficult or too absurd for her to grant. Once one of them, a Government employee, conceived the notion of taking his family abroad to see the battlefields. To obtain the money he stocked up with soap and plied Mrs. Rogers to buy it. Not only did she buy a hundred dollars' worth; she also besought the rest of her delegation to do likewise.

On the floor, despite her effervescing femininity, she conducts herself like a man. She doesn't get on her mark, get set, and then recite her speech in schoolgirl fashion. Bouncing out of her seat, she shoots a question in a high-pitched Boston accent and leaps in where other gentlewomen fear to tread. She guided a $15,000,000 bill for the hospitalization of veterans, opposed by the committee chairman, through the House, and is the only woman whose name appears on an important piece of legislation. On the farm relief bill she bobbed up with a plea for cotton. Born next door to a mill of which her father was superintendent and where she played as a little girl Mrs. Rogers understands mill conditions. To improve the plight of the workers in her district she undertook to sponsor cotton along with veterans and quite as sincerely. So she wears cotton dresses and hose, and urges her male colleagues to wear cotton suits.

Wednesday. Oct 10. 1929. Very pleasant 60°

The whole country side surrounding the Inn is as bright and colorful as can be in its autumn garb. Here is a mass of bright yellow — over there a deep red coloring and many shades of brown, orange and pink in-between. It is as if all Nature was decking out in its gayest attire and then leaving us with a memory of this gay, cheerful spirit to abide with us through the cold, colorless days of the winter season.

"the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below"

And each day as the sun goes down in the late afternoon and darkness falls on the crisp, cool air, we are reminded of

"One Autumn night, in Sudbury town
Across the meadows bare and brown
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin"

To-night there was added a little more color — or rightly, a little less brilliancy to this scene which Longfellow pictured so accurately many years ago. The light was softer than usual, due to the fact that the electric candles went out and the long, smooth Bay berry candles of the olden time were lighted — and their flickering flames sent long dark shadows into every corner of this "kind of old Hobgoblin Hall."

Thursday. Oct 10, 1929. Very pleasant, cool 58°

Wives of members of the American Society of Civil Engineers came out to the Inn for luncheon to-day while the engineers were attending meetings of the Society in Boston. About one hundred ladies arrived at twelve o'clock noon time and were shown about through the house by two of the hostesses; each one taking a group. At one o'clock dinner was served in the large dining room and shortly after, the party returned to Boston. On leaving, the ladies expressed much appreciation of the good dinner served and of this opportunity to see such and interesting historical old New England Inn.

Friday, Oct 11, 1929. Very pleasant, 72°

These pleasant days are bringing a goodly number of visitors to the Inn; especially in the afternoons. This afternoon a group of ladies from the sewing circle of the Universalist Church of Littleboro had tea here and spent a pleasant afternoon looking about the house and walking outside around the grounds. in the warm, pleasant afternoon sunshine.

The dancing class convened as usual in the large ball-room this evening.

Saturday, Oct 12, 1929 Very pleasant 74°

Columbus Day and we certainly had a "holiday crowd" of visitors coming from early morn till night. It reminded us of the great numbers of people who used to visit the house when the Inn was open on Sunday. Among the visitors to-day was a very distinguished looking man who proved to be Mr. Sidney Huddleston of Paris, France, considered one of the greatest journalists in the world. He was the guest of Mr & Mrs. Charles E. Hultman of Boston who brought him here for dinner. Mr. Hultman is Editor of the Christian Science Monitor.

Our younger boys of the Junior School
Wayside Jr. Grade School

Sunday. October 13, 1929.

Although it rained a little in the morning, by noon time the sun shone brightly and it proved to be an ideal afternoon to take the trip to New Hampshire which had been planned for the Trade School boys. At one o'clock there was a congregation of ten cars, mostly Model A. Fords, at the Inn and the boys, instructors and their families and some of the hostesses started out for Bensons Animal Farm. The Farm is located in Hudson, New Hampshire and about an hour was spent in looking at the various animals; monkeys, elephants, a camel, zebra, lions, snakes, owls, pigeons, goats, donkeys, in fact almost every kinds of animals you can think of - was there! The return trip was made just at twilight and the sun, setting beyond the beautiful Autumnal foliage, was a sight never to be forgotten. Supper, in picnic fashion, was served around the fire places at the Trade Schools. Mr. Varricchione gave some humorous reading and music from the radio was also enjoyed in the evening.

While the boys were thus spending their afternoon in this way, Mr. Boyer was entertaining Mr. + Mrs. Sorenson at the Inn. Mr. Sorenson is connected with the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn, being an important member of the organization. It was Mr. + Mrs. Sorenson's first visit to the Inn, however. They arrived in the morning, staying for dinner and into the afternoon and evidently enjoyed their visit here very much. For this is what they wrote in our special guest book.

"Wayside Inn on a Sunday afternoon and a perfect day is charming. We have found here the real atmosphere of the old American home as just the way it should be seen. Will never miss the opportunity to come again."

Monday. Oct 14. 1929 — Clear. Cool 64°

It is seldom that we can connect any of the "Howe" people who come to the Inn as directly with the Inn Howe family, as we could Mrs. Carrie Bell Stone Lane, who visited here to-day. Mrs. Lane's great. great grandfather, Hezekiah Stone married a sister of Ezekiel Howe. Ezekiel will be remembered as having been the landlord of the Inn at the time of the Revolutionary War. He led the Sudbury men over to the Concord fight as Colonel of the regiment. Mrs. Lane lives in Illion, N.Y.

Instruction of the Trade Schools.

Left to right.

Mrs. Sundberg
" Campbell
" Bristol
" Bushnell
" Varrichone
" Borden
" Lynch.

Boys of the Wayside Inn Trade Schools
32 in number.

Tuesday. Oct 15. 1929. Fair. cool 62°

Mrs. James J. Storrow of Boston brought an interesting guest to the Inn to-day. Dressed in the National Girl Scout uniform. Dame Katherine Fuse was very modest in telling us of her achievements. but we learned from Mrs. Storrow that she was very active in England during the war in organizing and running the Womens Royal Naval Service and was one of the first few women to receive the honor and title of Dame of the British Empire. Dame Fuse is now director of the World Bureau of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts. Both Mrs. Storrow and Dame Fuse registered in our special guest book.

This evening Mr. Harold Coolx. Head State Ranger of Massachusetts gave an interesting talks to the Trade School boys on Our State Forests. It was an illustrated lecture and was given at the Trade School house. Hostesses and other members of the Inn family were invited to attend and Mr. & Mrs. Coolx had dinner here before going to the Trade Schools.

Wednesday. Oct 16. 1929. Fair. warmer 68°

Miss Welch and Miss Staples. hostesses. spent part of the afternoon to-day in attending the Exhibition of Antique Treasures at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston. This exhibition is being held under the direction of Boston University Women's Council and the Wayside Inn has a little exhibition consisting of some early 18th century furnishings taken from the Walker house. The articles sent in from here are carefully and well arranged as a typical room with tavern type of table in the center. a Welsh dresser. a large high backed settle and a smaller one; a very quaint old cradle adds a great deal to the picture and there are a number of small items. such as a flint-lock musket standing in a corner which adds a touch of (colonial) quaintness to the room. Mrs. Hume one of the ladies on the committee in charge, spoke appreciatively of the Wayside exhibit and it certainly made a very good showing among the other exhibits. there being only one other room of the same period and that a dining room with many pewter dishes on display.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION INCLUDES ANTIQUE TREASURES FROM THE HOMES OF

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, treasures from The Wayside Inn
Mr. C. C. Nash
Mr. H. V. Long
Mr. Arthur Wellington
Mr. A. R. Whittier, Jr.
Mr. Hollis French, silver
Mr. Samuel G. King
Mrs. John H. Harwood
Mrs. Andrew Washburn
Mrs. C. F. Weed
Mrs. Robert Morse
Mrs. E. L. Clark
Mr. William H. Mayo, pewter
Mrs. James J. Storrow
State Street Trust Co., early Maritime models
General John Stark, 6 pieces from Israel Sack
Mrs. Robert Cushman
Mrs. John P. Bainbridge, laces
Mrs. Cyrus Dallin, Indian collection
Mrs. Percy Woodward, working models from famous statues
Melrose Women's Club
Lena B. Newton, Mrs. Coolidge's grandmother's desk
Mrs. George R. Fearing
Mrs. Ernest Howes
Mrs. Edwin P. Bliss, Old Staffordshire
Mrs. Frederick L. Blodgett
Mrs. May Bliss Dickinson Kimball
Mrs. Kenneth Lindsay
South Shore Neighborhood Group

COMMODORE OLIVER HAZARD PERRY COLLECTION

Loaned by Mrs. James J. Storrow, whose husband was a direct descendant of this naval hero.

The collection includes: dining table in 2 pieces, drop leaf center; dinner set; silver; fire buckets; bedspread; oil portrait, painted by Jane Stuart, the daughter of Gilbert Stuart; a silver service, presented by the City of Boston to the hero of Lake Erie, War of 1812.

GENERAL JOHN STARK COLLECTION

Loaned by Israel Sack.

The collection includes: Hepplewhite sofa; Martha Washington chair; Tister bed, marked Harriet Stark, known as the Lafayette bed, because he slept on it several nights on his way to Portland, Maine; Banjo clock (Willard); dining table in 4 pieces; sideboard.

Thursday. Oct 17. 1929. Cloudy. cool 50°

Once Lived in Wayside Inn

Mrs. Betsy Horne Paul Dies in Lexington in 97th Year; Was Mother of Mrs. Edward R. Lemon

Mrs. Betsy Horne Paul, who died Tuesday at Lexington in her ninety-seventh year, was the mother of Mrs. Edward R. Lemon, who following her husband's death continued to operate the Wayside Inn, in Sudbury until six years ago when she disposed of the property to Henry Ford. For twelve years Mrs. Paul lived at the Inn with her daughter.

Mrs. Paul was born in Lebanon, Me., and was the daughter of David and Ruth (Jones) Keay. She was married about 1870 to Jeremiah Paul, who was a cutter for several of the large Boston tailoring houses. He died twelve years ago. For a number of years Mr. and Mrs. Paul resided in Medford. For a time Mrs. Paul resided in Arlington but early in the summer Mrs. Lennon took her mother up to Randolph, Vt. to be with her and they had reurned only a few weeks ago.

Besides her daughter, Mrs. Paul is survived by a brother, Lorenzo M. Keay, eighty years old, living at Lebanon, Me., and a grandson, Edward Prescott Lemon of Arlington.

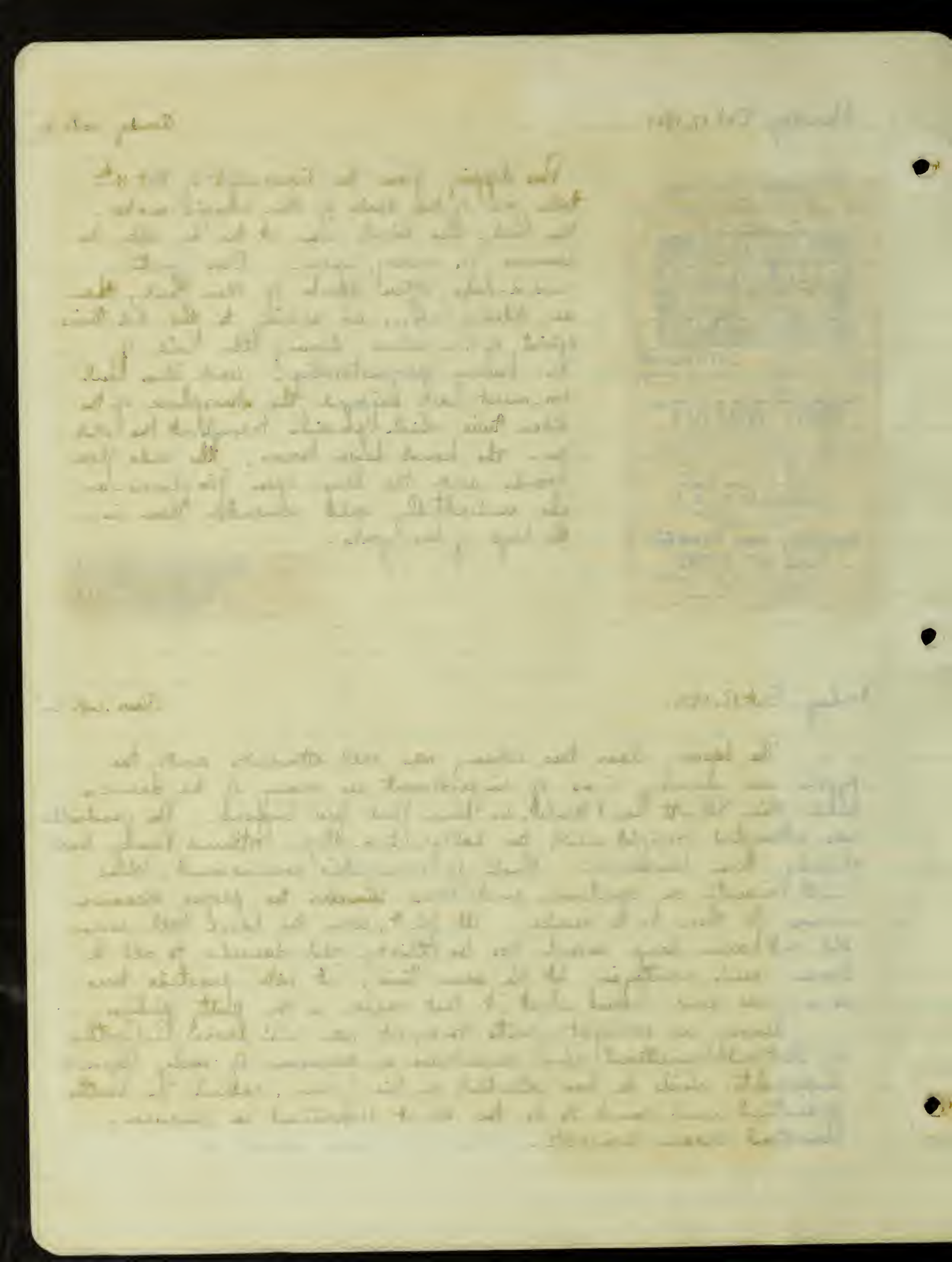
This clipping from the Transcript of Oct 16th tells us of the death of Mrs. Lemon's mother. Mrs. Paul, who lived then at the Inn with the Lemons for many years. Our guests now-a-days often speak of Mrs. Paul, then an elderly lady, as adding to the old time spirit of the house during the time of Mr. Lemons proprietorship. And Mrs. Paul too must have enjoyed the atmosphere of the olden time which prevails throughout the old Inn - the hand hewn beams, the wide floor boards and the large open fire places - as she undoubtedly could remember them in the days of her youth.

PAUL—At Lexington, Oct. 15, Betsy Horne Paul, age 96 years, widow of Jeremiah Paul, and late of 34 Bartlett avenue, Arlington. Funeral at the A. E. Long Memorial Chapel, 4 Beech street, corner Massachusetts avenue, North Cambridge, Thursday, Oct. 17, at 2.30.

Friday. Oct 18. 1929. Clear. cool 50°

The dancing class this evening was well attended and the pupils are showing signs of improvement in many of the dances which Miss Elliott has taught, in the first few lessons. The quadrille was attempted to-night and the waltz, two-step, Portland Fancy have already been learned. Much to everybody's amusement Miss Elliott insists on courtesies and bows whenever the proper occasion arises for them to be made. At first, even the large ball-room did not seem large enough for the thirty odd dancers to all be bowing and courtseying at the same time, but with practice there is a grace and charm about it that makes a very pretty picture.

Among our overnight guests to-night was Mr. David B. Boothe of Stratford Connecticut who maintains a museum of early Colonial implements which he has collected on his farm, called the Boothe Homestead and said to be the oldest Homestead in America. Homestead means home-site.



This book has recently been added to the Jm library.

LA FAYETTE, by Brand Whitlock; D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 928 pp. $10.

Few novelists who have turned to biography have been so well equipped as Mr. Whitlock for work in their new field. There have been many books about La Fayette, but never before a work so comprehensive and inclusive as this one, so well balanced in its French and its American sections. In a double sense this two-volume biography is an outgrowth of the war. When 2,000,000 Americans went to France to help pay the debt owed by this republic to that, there followed naturally a far greater interest in La Fayette than this generation, or those just before it, had known. It was all epitomized in that immortal phrase, "Here we are, La Fayette," attributed to Gen. Pershing at the tomb in Picpus cemetery. Mr. Whitlock, then minister to Belgium, was one of the speakers at La Fayette's tomb July 4, 1917, and the implications of the occasion so stirred his interest that he began the study which results in these volumes a dozen years later.

Mr. Whitlock does not devote this exhaustive, and probably definitive, biography to any attempt to picture La Fayette as a brilliant man in either peace or war. It is admitted that he was vain, happy when making a show, and too vocally virtuous. On account of those traits he has doubtless suffered unjustly at the hands of many earlier historians, except those who have confined themselves to praising him for doing his youthful bit by the side of Washington during the revolution. Mr. Whitlock recognizes that La Fayette really belongs more to the history of France than to that of our country. He was only 20 when he crossed the Atlantic, fired by a fine fervor. By his example, more than by his military services, he helped America win its independence. Not that those military services are to be minimized, but after all they were probably no more than the services of Von Steuben and Kosciuszko who came to us from Prussia and from Poland. It was when he was back in his native land, trying to keep it in a condition not too far from sanity during its own tumultuous years, that La Fayette's career moved on to its peak of personal and historical importance. He was in one revolution or another for more than 50 years.

Writes Mr. Whitlock: "He has his American legend, and he has his French legend, but they are quite unlike. He has never been the hero to the French that he is to Americans; the great adventure of his youth was the pure flame of romance; the devotion to liberty, at first instinctive and sentimental, happened at that initial period of our history to coincide with the interest of the colonies in revolt. But it was otherwise when he got back to France and began to apply his generous principles to the conditions of an older civilization, and in the salons of that time, as of this, he was regarded as a demagogue and a visionary."

For a time La Fayette was the idol of the fickle French masses. As a dashing soldier, as a liberal noble who threw his heart and sword on the side of the popular cause, as the general commanding the national guard, the mobs acclaimed him in every square. But the Queen, whom he tried to save, would not be saved by him. He would not join in the schemes of the knavish and dissolute Mirabeau. His simple nature was too honest for that sort of thing. Hence it was that he had to flee from France and while trying to escape to England was captured by the Austrians. He endured prison horrors and hardships for three long years.

Later, when Bonaparte came to power, he was back in France, but as an impoverished private citizen. Napoleon could not win him over. Revolution again brought him to a place of power, and in 1830 he rode the crest of the wave for a brief time. But kings are ungrateful, and the Louis whom he placed on the throne, after toppling off Charles X, showed only ingratitude for his services. He died lonely and little honored in 1834, probably counted a failure by his contemporaries, but certainly a man whose life was eminently successful according to the standards that history makes enduring.

Mr. Whitlock fills his pages with the great figures of the richly colored historical eras in which La Fayette lived and played his gallant part. In fact, the life of La Fayette lacks little of being the history of his times. Though other sections of the book are far more important, historically speaking, there will be special interest in those that tell of La Fayette's visit to America in 1824-25. He landed in New York after spending Sunday at Staten Island, in order not to disturb the Sabbath peace of New York. It was nearly a half century after his gallant participation in the revolution, and every one in the new country was determined to show to the old marquis gratitude. Vast crowds, headed by the "Guards La Fayette," awaited him at the Battery, and there was a ball that the New York Evening Post reticently called "the most magnificent fete ever given under cover in the world." He began the triumphant procession that took him through every one of the 24 states of the new Union.

At Albany, when the Governor received him at the State House, a stuffed eagle was lowered upon his head, bearing in its beak a crown of laurel and immortelles. In Bordentown, N. J., he visited his old friend, Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, now in exile, and whose kingdom had shrunk to the limits of a New Jersey farm. Here in Boston he laid the corner-stone to the monument on Bunker Hill and heard Daniel Webster's celebrated address. And in Washington he visited President Adams, received a grant of $200,000 from Congress and saw Jackson inaugurated. A year later, when he set sail from Washington on the American frigate Brandywine, there was a general holiday in the city, President Adams and his cabinet were there, and La Fayette said farewell to the land that had immortalized him.

From a painting by Victor A. Searles showing the youthful La Fayette leading the charge of the American cavalry at the Battle of Monmouth in 1778.

Lafayette visited the Jm. when he later came back to America in 1924. It was when he was on his way to the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument that he stopped over night at the Red Horse Tavern and the room he occupied, as well as the one occupied by his servant are now to be seen by the thousands of visitors who come to the Jm each year.

new canaan
connecticut

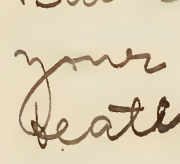
dear miss Staples.

Under another cover I am sending you three of the candles I promised you. They are from a box containing over a hundred candles given to me about sixteen years ago by John Barlow, an old man living on old Farms Road Riverbank, Stamford Connecticut. He told me his mother had made them and they were used to burn at both ends when a bright light was needed. The stand for them was nothing but a nail put through a piece of

Saturday, Oct 19, 1929.

Class. Warner 70

The above letter is typical of many received at the Inn, giving us interesting information and as is promised in the letter. Mrs. Cole sent us the hand dipped candles etc. The candles can be burned at either ends and they will be interesting to have in our little exhibition of lights on Monday evening when we are having the little program in honor of Mr. Edisons invention of the incandescent lamps.

wood large enough to catch the drip. The package is tied with a home-spun linen thread made from flax grown in Phoebe & Cofields, garden in Springdale Connecticut, as it is three-ply it was made after 1820 - 30 - I am quite sure you have a "Battre d'lan" or "Battledore" in your kitchen.  a bat used for beating water out of wet linen- it is not so easy to find as the butter bat more like this

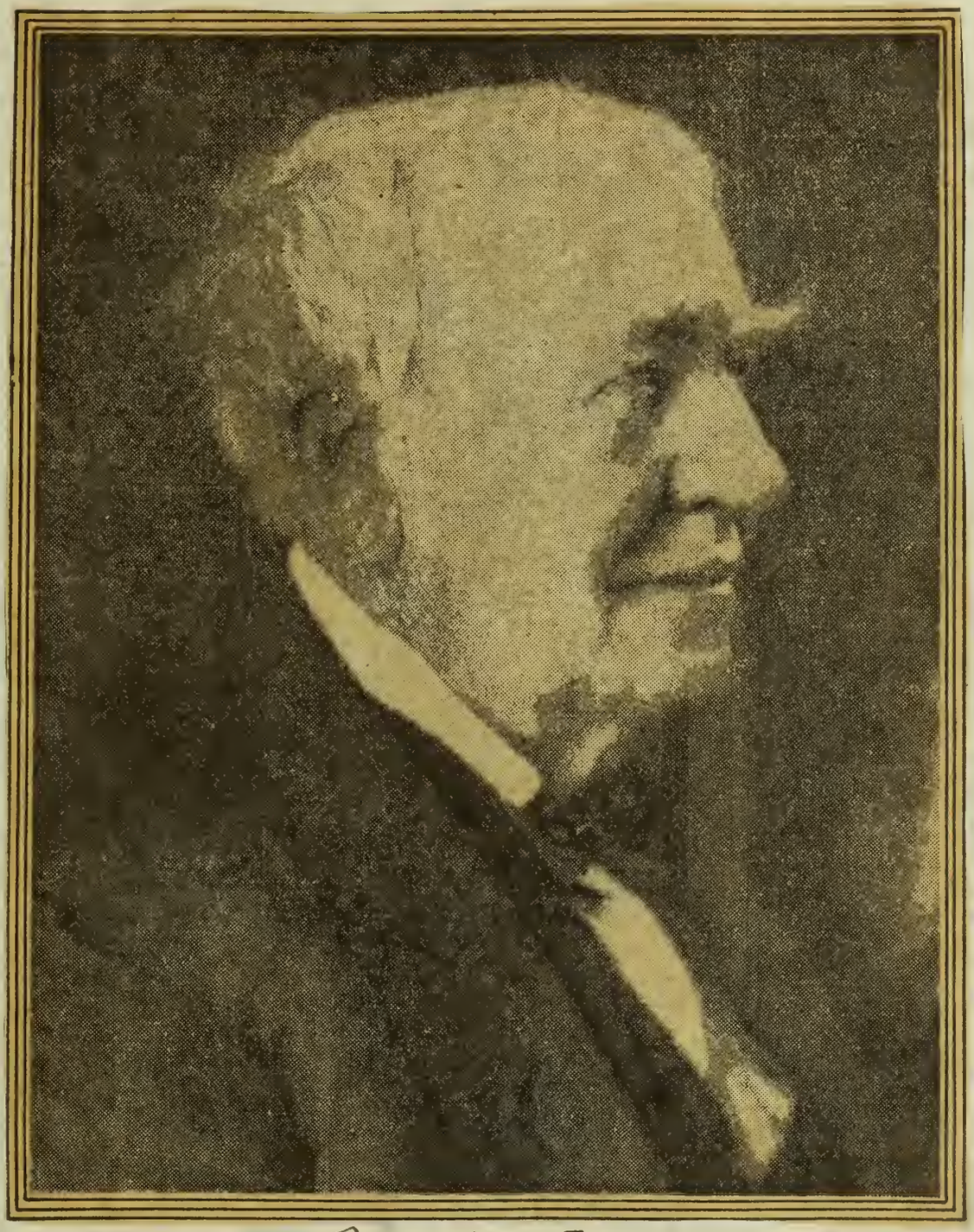
We enjoyed the great interest of "Wayside Inn" and also the wonderful spirit you all give it - Very sincerely

Mary Deborah Cole
(Mrs Newcomb B. Cole)

Oct-15, 1929.

Lights Golden Jubilee

October 21, 1929.



Thomas Alva Edison

Born Feb. 11, 1847 at Milan, Ohio

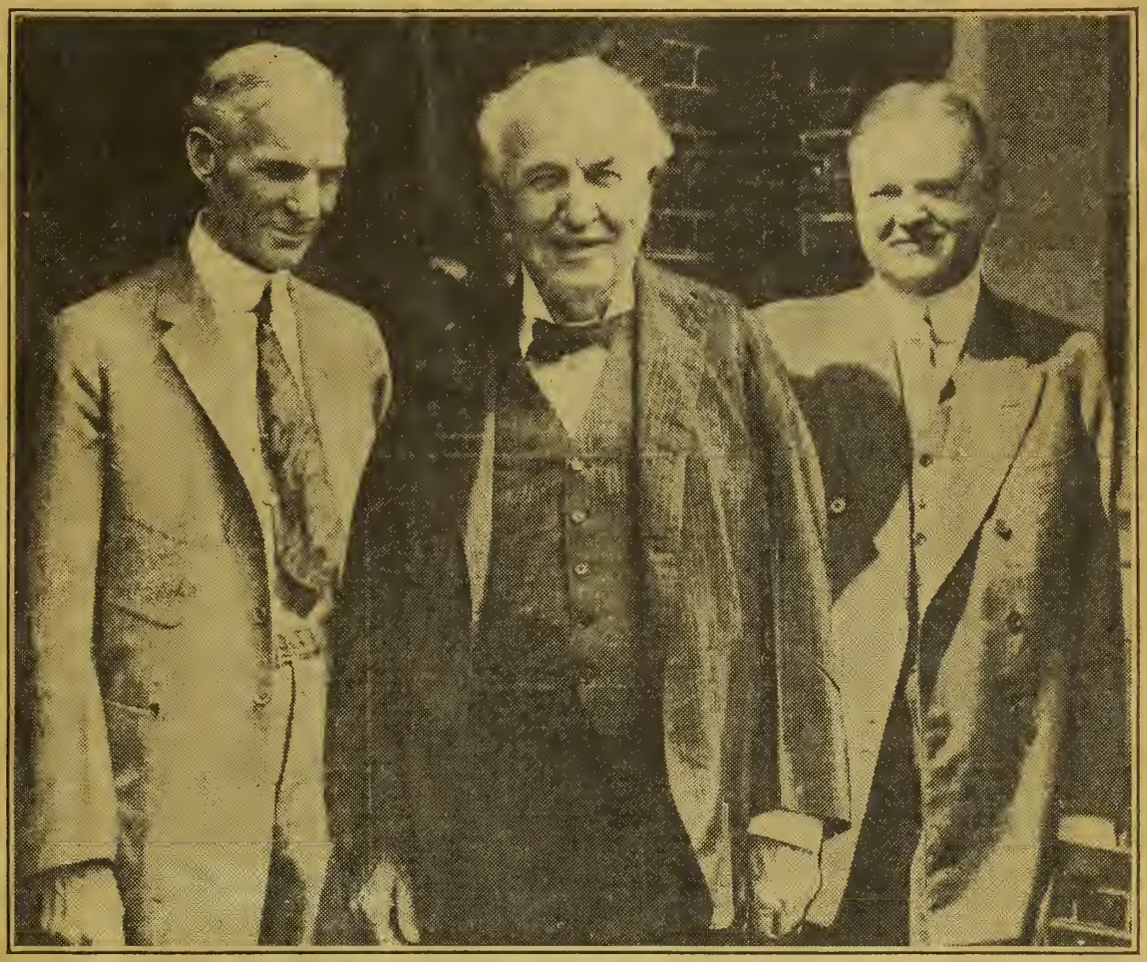
Has given the world the talking machine, the typewriter, the electric light, the microphone, the telephone transmitter; invented the motion picture camera, the magnetic ore separator, duplex telegraphy.

THE MENLO PARK GROUP - NOW ERECTED AT DEARBORN, MICH.

Monday. Oct 21. 1929 Warm. pleasant 80°

"Light Golden Jubilee" day was a busy one at the Inn and by evening the large Ball-room was in readiness for the little celebration the Wayside Inn family had planned in honor of the event. About seventy-five people had gathered in the Ball. room by seven-thirty o'clock and for over an hour they listened to the program being carried out in Dearborn to honor Mr. Edison. Owen D. Young spoke first of all and then there was the scene in the Menlo Park Laboratory re-enacted by Mr. Edison as it was exactly fifty years ago when he turned on the first incandescent lamp - one of the greatest benefits to all mankind. Mr. Ford did not speak, but received a long, enthusiastic applause. Mr. Edison spoke briefly and President Hoover expressed to Mr. Edison, the appreciation of the nation. The whole program was heard clearly and distinctly over the radio. And then came our own program, well staged and enacted by the boys of the Grade School. It was an illustrated reading; the reading being done by Mr. Bristol - one of the Instructors, and as he read, scenes depicting the evolution of the lamps - illustrated his talk. The cave-man striking two pieces of flint together to create a light; the Puritan with his open type of grease lamps. Post-Revolutionary days, the Whale-oil lamps; 1860 and the kerosene lamps; the gas lamps and lastly Mr. Edison's incandescent lamp - making us realize by looking back on these crude lights of our forefathers that to-day was truly - Lights Golden Jubilee.

Practical Idealists 'Get Together'



Among Those Greeting Thomas A. Edison (Center) at Dearborn, Mich, at the Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of His Invention of the Incandescent Electric Light Were Henry Ford (Left), Who Placed the Automobile Within Reach of the Man of Limited Means, and President Hoover, Among Whose Aims is to Help in Eliminating Poverty Throughout the World.

"He has led no armies into battle – he has conquered no countries – he has enslaved no peoples – yet he commands a dominion more sweeping in scope, more world-wide, than any other living man"

From the "Life of Thomas A. Edison"
by Arthur J. Palmer.

Dearborn Michigan
Oct 22nd 1929.
Tuesday night 6 O'clock.

Dear Mr Boyer:-

Yours at hand this afternoon-thanks very much for writing. We had a regular down pour all day Monday,but the Old Post Office was packed full of people all day. The Dearborn Postmaster had the old Post & Office end of the building,and I had the "Drug Store" you would have a good laugh at my "Drugs" I took all the different things in a huge lot of bottles that were bought fron an old drug store over in Detroit,and put all kinds into all old bottles. I had to use some dyed water to fill up. I don't think those drugs would make any one feel any better,but they might feel different. Anyway every one said the old store looked right as to period,and that the arrangement was very good,so that's the main thing.

I could have bawled when I saw it raining Monday-Mr Ford has worked so hard to make this a success-but he was as chearfull as could be,and said he "Was glad it did rain-it showed us where we needed to grade the land" It was all very wonderfull. I saw Bob last thing last night helping some old Gentleman to find a Cab from the Lab fromt door to the Office building. There was not a single car to be seen-all horse drawn cabs,hacks; stage coaches Etc., I had a short ride on the old Rocket-it goes pretty good now but at first the wooden wheels were dry,and it was inclined to jump the track.

I moved from the Country Club when the crowd gathered,down to the Hotel Delmar on West Park Ave No 26. This used to be an apt house but is now run as a Hotel. I can see right down to the main office from my room window. I wanted to come back to Sudbury,but it seams that there are a few things they want to have me try and help about. Evry one has been very kind here, and I ought to want to stay, but you know how it is-no place like home Etc., H ope you will have time to come out here-would like so much to talk over things,and also hope I will be comming back before very long.

I am inclosing some Post cards which may be of interest-we had a lot of them at the old post office-no charge for cards or even stamps to mail them,and you may beleve they jumped for them. I don't know many went out but their must have been hundreds.

I go back and forth from the storage shed to "The Village" a good many times a day,and have the Post Office Drug Store,and Ols Toll House Shoe Shop all going good. A Mr Hintz of Detroit who runs a big shoe shop,made two pr of womens slippers in the old shop Monday.

There is a new building just across the street where they take old time Tin Types,and this was of great interest.

Thank you ever so much for looking after Mrs T. and so with the hope of seeing you before long,and with kindest regards to all,I remain,

Yours truly,

W. W. Frazier

THE OLD VILLAGE POST OFFICE (ERECTED 1803) DEARBORN, MICH.

OLD CLINTON INN - PERIOD 1832 - DEARBORN, MICH.

Transcript · 9-30-29

(Photo by Harris-Ewing)

Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers

The Representative from Massachusetts Recently Made History in the House of Representatives When She Opened and Closed a Four-Minute Session of the House. Several Women Have Occupied the Chair in the Past, But the Lowell Congressman Is the First of Her Sex to Ever Formally Open and Close the Session

Tuesday. Oct 22. 1929. Partly cloudy 72°

Three young ladies in the Freshman Class of Wellesley College spent a good part of the afternoon here to-day in gathering material for essays they are to write for their English course. They said that they were delighted to find so much data here, but appreciated the fact that they must limit their writing to only one phase of the Inn; such as furnishings only; history only or present day impressions of the old tavern atmosphere. It speaks well of the younger generation to find them so seriously interested in the simple life and customs of our fore fathers.

This evening we had Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers with us again. bringing about one hundred and fifty of her political constituents for a chicken dinner served in the large dining room at 6:30 o'clock. A meeting was held in the Ball-room after dinner and some of the guests lingered on until eleven o'clock! Congressman Honorable Joseph Martin of Attleboro, Mass. was the principal speaker of the evening and Mrs. Rogers was a charming, gracious hostess to this large group of her admirers. Each year Mrs. Rogers gives a dinner to the chairmen and committee men in her district and this year she chose the Inn as a convenient, home-like place in which to entertain.

Wednesday. Oct 23. 1929. Pleasant, warm 73°

Another book, beautifully bound in two volumes, has recently been added to the Inn library. This is Wallace Nutting's new book called the "Furniture Treasury" and contains about 5,000 illustrations. Under each illustration, however, is a short description of the piece pictured, which enables the reader to easily find out what he wants to know without jumping about from one section of the book to another. This is really a very satisfactory, helpful arrangement. Among the choice pieces of furniture pictured, is the Hadley Chest which we have in the upper hall of the Inn. This specimen is one of the earliest, rarest chests to be seen here and is constantly admired by our guests. Its origin is thought to have been near Hadley, Massachusetts and it was the "love" chest or "hope" chest of one Mary Smith, the initials MS being carved on the front of the chest as was the custom of that period.

"Pipe Shovel used by Franklin at one of the Literary and Convivial Clubs he so loved to Organize. In the Eighteenth century, pipes were lighted by live coals, which were passed about the company on the Tiny Pipe Shovel."

The Franklin Pipe Shovel may be seen now at the Essex Institute in Salem.

Thursday, Oct 24. 1929. Cloudy 68°

The Pipe Shovel, pictured, of Ben Franklin's reminds us of the several pipe tongs which we have at the Inn and which are great objects of curiosity to our guests. Doubtless the pipe tongs are of a little later invention than the pipe shovel. For with the tongs, the smoker could pick a live coal from the fireplace to light his pipe and, attached to them is an arrangement for punching the tobacco down into the pipe, a pick for cleaning the pipe and also a convenient arrangement for getting the dust through. It would not be surprising if Benjamin Franklin were the inventor of the pipe tongs, as he did not hesitate. We have several articles in the house however, that were thought of by him; the Franklin stove, the two-burner whale-oil lamp and it has been said that Ben Franklin was the first to put hooks on the straight chair - for more ease and comfort!

Friday - Oct 25. 1929. Pleasant 52° 62°

Radcliffe '28 Girl Engaged to a Harvard '25 Graduate

Announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walter Gerould, of Cambridge, of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Gerould, to Henry Millard Stevens, also of Cambridge, the youngest son of Mrs. Ralph Emerson Stevens of Marlboro and Marblehead and the late Dr. Stevens.

Mr. Stevens was graduated from Harvard with the class of 1925, where he was a member of the Pi Eta Club. Miss Gerould is a graduate of Radcliffe College, where she was a member of the class of 1928.

In honor of the engagement, a luncheon was given on Friday at the Wayside Inn. The wedding will take place next year.

A very pretty dinner party was held in the small dining room at noon time to-day to announce the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Gerould. Miss Gerould is a Cambridge young lady and was surrounded this noon by several of her intimate friends; all very attractive young ladies. The table was decorated with pink roses, brought out especially for the event by the hostess and they were well arranged in bowls of our large pewter bowls.

Among our guests to-day was a gentleman who announced, when he came in the door, that the last time he visited the Inn was twenty-two years ago. We were immediately interested and learned that the gentlemans name was Mr. Albert Sawyer of 18 Lindhurst St., Dorchester, Mass and that he came to the Inn often as a boy about twelve years old. He came over in a "rig", as he said, from Hudson, Mass and he well remembered when he came into the bar-room to-day, of the Bar tender, twenty two years ago, cleaning up the bar and wiping off the bar - in those days when the bar was not a very "dry" place.

Saturday Oct 26. 1929. Cloudy, windy 57°

Fourteen goats were added to the stock on the farm to-day. They were brought from Waltham and besides adding to the picturesque countryside surrounding the Inn, they will undoubtedly clear some of the low brush from the lands.

Saturdays are busy days now that the foot ball season is on. For many of our guests are on their way to or from the games and there is much discussion of forward passes, goal lines etc. around the fireplaces. Great fur coats and heavy blankets also bespeak of the games and these will be piled up on the chairs in the hall or on the bed in the Washington Bed-room, for no institution is as modern as a check-room exists in this famous old Inn.

Come To!

Our Halloween Party

Mac Laughlin Barn

Sat., Nov. 2

8 P.M.

Games!

Dancing!!

Refreshments!!!

SPOOKS!!!!

Costumes & Masks.

Trade School Boys

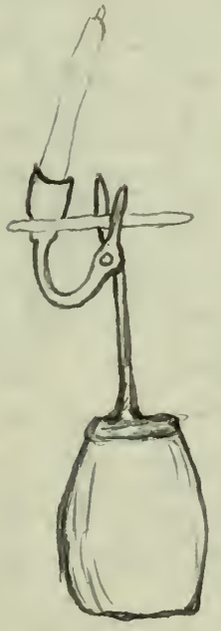
Monday. Oct 28. 1929. Pleasant S.°

Apples to-day for the first time this season in the large bowl in the center of the old kitchen table. They are so shiny bright-red and tempting that our guests are more than pleased when we ask them to have one. And there are bushels and bushels of them for the guests, all carefully stored away in the large new fruit cellar over by the mill. Like the Spring-house of olden time, this large plant is built under ground, but unlike the old type, it has a thick cement "roof" supported by large round columns which are hollow inside with ventilators at the bottom — to keep the temperature at the right degree. And evidently the fruit is kept at the right degree for the apples are solid and juicy and they have a very healthy (godlike) complexion.

Above is the invitation to the Halloween party which the Trade School Boys are planning to have next Saturday evening.

Tuesday. Oct 29. 1929. Cloudy 48°

Any bits of information concerning the antique objects here are welcome, and often guests will tell us something which makes a piece more interesting to us and to others. A lady to-day spoke of the Rush Holder. She said that in Wales, it is called "Cannyd Bruwin" and we have heard from other guests that it is seen rather frequently in old houses of England; there being one in Ann Hathaway's Cottage at Stratford-on-Avon. In New England, however, they were probably not used as commonly. For we find only a few of them in this country. The Pilgrims [illegible] however, but one rarely sees a good example except in a Museum. Our Rush Holders attract much attention. For in some of them we have the rush or stem of cat-o'-nine tails pushed into the jaw or holder part and a [illegible] dipped candle in the candle holder. Undoubtedly the ones with candle holder are of a little later date, but they demonstrate clearly the old saying that "you cannot burn the candle at both ends." The rush, soaked in grease could be burned at either end - but not the candle!



Mr. Ford's [illegible]

Wednesday. Oct 30. 1929. Cloudy 48°

Registering in our Speical guest book to-day was Mr. Luis Lopez Roberts whose grandfather was ambassador from Spain to the United States during the time General Grant was president. Mr. Roberts is of Spanish birth and lives in Madrid. This was his seconds visit to the Inn and this time he brought with him his son and an interpreter who told him via one of the hostesses, of all the interesting things in the house. its history etc. Mr. Roberts told us of many interesting letters now in his possession written by President Grant to his grandfather.

Thursday. Oct. 31, 1929. Rainy 54°

A little trip to the Greenhouse to-day. found Mr. Lee, the gardner. tying up bunches of flowers to be sent to the Inn. Flowers come to the Inn twice a week and just at present there are the medium sized fronts-orange, white and pink Chrysanthemums, carnations, nasturtiums, chinese forget-me-nots, blue marguerites and little potted plants of browalia, lantana, Jerusalem cherry and begonias. The green-house was spic and span and the heat well regulated by a new furnace down in the cellar. And riding on still further, a visit was made to the quaint old red house which sets up on a little rise by the forks in the narrow dirt road, which road runs to the north east of the Inn. This house, we call the Walker place and here we found Mr. Ferguson raking up the yards and puttering about in a little work-shop where he is fixing up some old furniture in one end of the wood shed. To take the chill off. Mr. Ferguson had built a fire on the hearth in the large old kitchen of the house and we went in. A comfortable old settle, near the fire, an array of old blue china on the dresser, various iron cooking utensils, gave the room a very home-like appearance, and in an other room was a large four-poster bed, a trundle bed, a childs crib and even a baby's cradle - all suggesting that the house was in readiness for a large family to move right in! A third room is furnished as a sitting-room or parlor and "up attic" are all sorts of spinning and weaving equipment. A loom, completely set up for weaving, flax wheels, spinning wheels, reels etc.

Mr. O.E. Pettis, a picturesque old gentleman playing his fiddle this week in a program at the Palace Theatre in Worcester, found time between acts to pay us a visit to-day. He stayed to dinner and was here as Mr. Ford's guest

Friday. Nov 1. 1929. Dull day. showers 62°

Thirty members of the Worcester Home Club had dinner here at noon time to-day and after dinner they had a very interesting meeting in the small ball-room. They are a group of ladies who take pleasure in arranging their own programs with the members themselves participating in them. To-day they had planned for various members to tell something about the Inn, its history, Longfellow and the "Tales of a Wayside Inn". One lady gave some of the historical facts regarding the Inn and others read some of the "Tales". It was an interesting program and much enjoyed by those present.

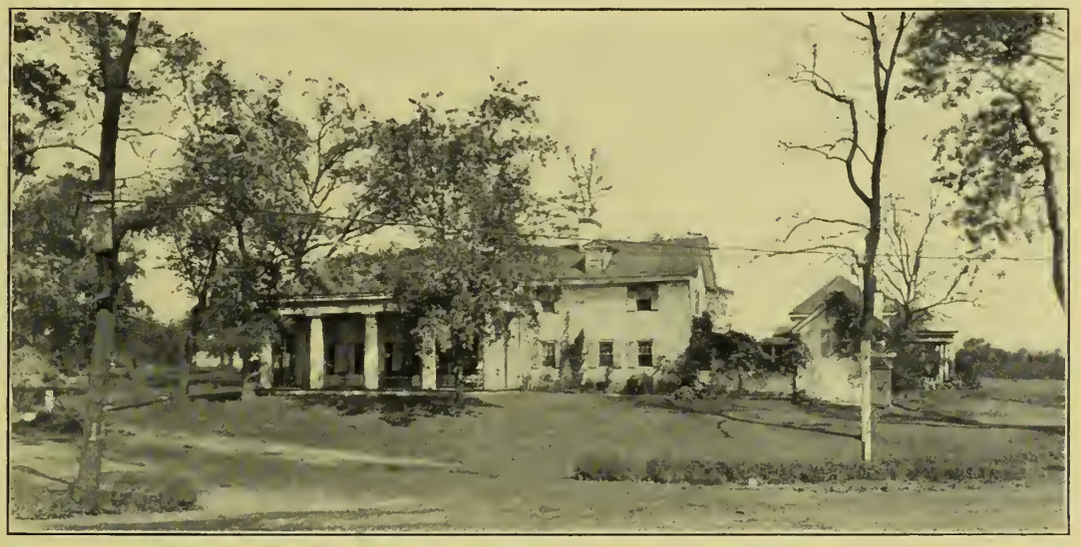
The dancing class in the large ball room this evening was well attended and Miss Elliott put the class through a pretty stiff course of instruction, but in spite of it, a very good time was had by all.

Saturday. Nov 2. 1929. Rainy 78°

Another rainy day. But in spite of the weather a good many guests came in for dinner and tea and just to see the house. Fortunately for those invited to the Halloween party, there were not a great many dinner guests in the evening and those who came did not stay late; therefore many of the employees and their friends and families had an opportunity to attend the Wayside Inn Trade School party which was held in the Mc Laughlin Barn. This is the large, red barn situated over in back of the Farm office and it certainly was an ideal place for a Halloween event. Hay filled the Hay-lofts and hung down over the edges, and the posts supporting the lofts were decorated with corn stalks and bright yellow pumpkins everywhere about. Queerest faces cut out of pumpkins were alight over electric bulbs - giving a dim, spooky light - and up high at the further end of the "hall" was a quarter moon and the figure of a solemn looking owl, silhouetted against it. And the masqueraders! They came in all sorts of funny rigs. There were ghosts aplenty and witches and Uncle Sam and Charlie Chaplin - Chinese men with pig-tails, a maiden in Colonial dress, a mid-Victorian lady, a James Boy with bright red hair - all joining in the fun of the games and dances. And adding much to the gay scene were the small boys of the Trade School - every one in a fancy dress and several little girls in quaint old fashioned frocks. They had one game, all their own - planned and arranged for the little folks. Little folks and big folks - every one declared it the best Halloween party ever known in the history of the Wayside Inn.

Monday, Nov 4. 1929. Rainy 50°

Naturally with the coming of colder weather and the tourist season at an end, we are not housing very many overnight guests. Tonight however. We had the pleasure of having a Mrs. Robinson and her sister-in-law stay with us and we learned during the evening that these two ladies maintain an historic old house called Naamans-on-the Delaware, situated on the Delaware river, half way between Chester and Wilmington. Recently Mr. Ford paid them a visit and they of course were much interested in the Inn and everything concerning it.



Naamans-on-Delaware Deeded July, 1654, to Swedes by Sachems Peminacha. Named after Chief Naiman. Oct., 1654, Gov. John Risingn built Block-house, 1655, Fired on by Peter Stuyvesant. 1671, Captured by the Indians. 1776, Captured by the British. 1683, William Penn and Lord Baltimore made this their boundary-line. Beginning 1738, for a century and a quarter occupied by a Robinson family very closely connected with important events in American history; 1766, head of the family, as an officer in Pennsylvania Colonial troops, was killed in battle by the Indians; during the Revolution his youngest son was wounded three times and had four horses shot from under him; a grandson commanded a vessel in battle of Tripoli; another was officer in charge of the deck on the "President," under Decatur, when that vessel fought an English squadron; a great grand-son, as an officer in Civil War, was wounded at both Chancelorsville and Gettysburg. 1777, Gen. Washington ordered "Light-Horse-Harry" Lee to remove the millstones from the mill; one of these stones now forms hearth to fireplace in hall; 1778, "Light-Horse-Harry" Lee captured in this house the officers of a British frigate. Before, during and after the Revolution Washington was a frequent visitor here; his Secretary of War married here; one of his favorite officers lived here. "Mad Anthony" Wayne was a brother-in-law to the owner of the house, and both Washington and Lafayette had many ties to bind them to this home. While resting here, Washington received the news of Howe's landing. Washington planted the original Washington pear-tree here. In this house were discussed many important Revolutionary matters by such men as Washington, Lafayette, Wayne, Peters, Morris, Lee and others. 1781 and 1824, Lafayette was entertained here. 1784, Col. Robinson visited England, where he was first American officer to publicly snub Benedict Arnold. This was a famous dueling-ground for disputants from New York to Washington: March 24, 1859, a duel between U. S. Naval Officer Hunter and Atty. Miller fought here; the latter was killed. President Jackson took action in the case. 1842, Gen'l Webb of New York and Hon. Thos. Marshall of Kentucky fought here. Visitors are always welcomed at Naamans.

Tuesday, Nov 5, 1929. Fair, cool 56°

Ole Bull, no doubt, is the most widely known of the seven men Longfellow chose to be the story-tellers in the Tales of a Wayside Inn. Very frequently a guest will tell us that he or she has had the pleasure of hearing Ole Bull play, and the picture of the famous violinist on the old piano in the parlor, is a familiar one to many. But a close second to Ole Bull, is Luigi Monti, the "Young Sicilian" in the Tales, whom we find, is also well known. Only the other day a guest, Mr. Ferris, said that he had lived in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, and that just across the street from him, lived Captain Crowell, an old sea-captain. When Captain Crowell once had his vessel in Italian waters, a man came aboard, saying that he had done something to offend the government and wanted to get away. A police boat could be seen approaching in the distance. So Capt Crowell said to his unexpected passenger: "Come with me" and he took the man below decks and covered him over with a piece of canvas. The police boat hovered around for some time. But the authorities never discovered that the man they were looking for, was on the boat, ready to come to America. The man in hiding, was Luigi Monti and, as we already know, it was during the reign of the Bourbons in Sicily when Mr. Monti was exiled from the country. Old Captain Crowell is not living now. But Mr. Ferris said that he had told this story many times during the last years of his life. To-day one of our guests spoke of meeting Mr. Monti in Rome, several years ago, she says. Mr. Monti was then a very old man. But our guest found him exceedingly bright and interesting and he told her of his friendship with Longfellow and of his connection with the Tales of a Wayside Inn. We have several mementos of the "Young Sicilian" in the Parlor, one is an interesting letter written by Mr. Monti to Mr. Lemon. We also have Mr. Monti's picture with this inscription from the "Tales" underneath.

"A Young Sicilian I was born
In sight of Etna, bold and bred"

Wednesday. Nov 6. 1929. Fair. warmer 64°

Mr. Howard one of our guests who came in for dinner this evening, announced to us that he had visited the Inn "years ago" as he expressed it, when a student at St. Marks School in Southborough. He told us that an annual event of the school in the old days, was a sleigh ride over to the Inn and it was evidently an event to be remembered. Mr. Howard had not been to the Inn since his prep school days and he recalled other good times and jovial memories of the Inn to his wife and two sons - fine looking young men - who were as eager and enthusiastic about the place as Mr. Howard. St. Marks boys are frequent visitors even a-days and make themselves right at home here when ever they come. We hope that they will come back some day in the years to come, bringing their children and their children's children!

Thursday. Nov 7. 1929. Cool 62°

There is a different atmosphere about the Inn in the evening; different from any other time. As soon as the lights are lit and another stick of wood put on the fire, there is a feeling of mellowness, a warmth and a softness about the house. What Longfellow has said of the region outside the house, might well be said of the inside at this time. It is "a region of repose it seems
a place of slumber and of dreams"
And the guests who come in the evening seem to sense this spirit of quietness and peacefulness, for they often linger around the fire place in silent respect and admiration and sometimes then stay late in reading the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" or in telling new tales, as admirable and fascinating as those of L.L. They bring their friends and come again and again

Friday. Nov 8. 1929. Cloudy. Colder 48°

"A great treat to spend a day in real American atmosphere" Thus wrote Lt. Colonel Robert C. Richardson Jr., in our special guest book to-day. Colonel Richardson is the commandant of Cadets at West Point.

The dancing does not as usual, take coming in the large Ball-room! An amplifier has been attached to the Victrola, enabling the dancers to hear the music clearly in any part of the room.

Saturday. Nov 9. 1929. Pleasant 40°

This little poem about Johnny Walker and his invention of the match brings to our minds the ways and means of obtaining a light to start your fire in the days before matches. Out in the old kitchen is the round old tinder box which every house supported in the days before matches - with pieces of flint and steel in it - to be struck together in hopes that a spark could be obtained. Charles Dickens said that if you got a spark in your tinder box you'd be lucky! Then the spark dropped down into the tinder box which held some tinder and, if you were lucky, again the tinder ignited and broke into little flame about from which to light a candle and by means of the candle to eventually start your fire on the hearth. If you couldn't get a spark with the flint and steel, then you would have to borrow a live coal from your next-door neighbor. But that is another story. For the present it is to be thankful for Johnny Walker and his invention of the match!

John Walker

[The first matches ignited by friction were put on sale in the spring of 1827.]

Eleven years since Waterloo.
To him who meditates a flame
A flint and steel are nothing new
And sullenly he smites the same;
A picturesque and tedious plan
Devised by prehistoric man.

But Mr. Walker, christened John,
Chymist of Stockton on the Tees;
Deeply deliberates upon
Combustibles of sorts and sees
That they, compounded, may ignite.
John, as you will perceive, was right.

. . . .

"59, High Street," Fortune said,
And entered just as John had planned
A match of sulphur overspread
With antimony sulphide and
With chlorate of potassium.
He had dissolved them both in gum.

Fortune, to John propitious, stopped
Her rolling stone at 59;
She nudged his elbow and he dropped
A match of this unique design,
Which fell, with Fortune for a guide,
Before the fire and there it dried.

Fortune restrained her flying hub
And, urged by her imperious art,
John gave the match a casual rub;
His shoe, I fancy, played a part.
A fizz, a flame, the wood had caught
And John had found the thing he sought.

. . . .

Honour then, with December gas,
March fire and August cigarette,
Honour, before the moment pass,
The match expire and you forget,
The light that Walker made for you
Twelve years and less from Waterloo.

[Punch.

Monday. Nov 11. 1929. Armistice Day — Cloudy 64°

Although outwardly. Armistice day was observed at the Inn just like any other holiday with great numbers of people coming all day long to see the house and ask for tea and dinner - there must have been a silent prayer of Thanksgiving within the hearts of all who came. Thankfulness for the Peace that came upon the whole world eleven years ago to-day. It can hardly be a day of rejoicing when we think of the torture and suffering the Great War caused; the awful implements used; the terrific loss of life. Rather, we hope that the day. November 11, will always be observed at the Wayside Inn as a day in which to think and speak Peace. Outside, the Inn is surrounded by the quiet peacefulness of nature and inside is neat and warmth and good cheer - which make for lasting Peace.

"Down the dark future, through long
generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and
then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vi-
brations
I hear once more the voice of Christ
say "Peace"!

Peace! and no longer from its brazen
portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes
the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

From: "The Arsenal at Springfield"
by
H. W. Longfellow.

ICE MEN MEET IN HUB NEXT WEEK

Convention From Tuesday Until Saturday

Post ——— 11-9-29

The annual convention of the National Association of Ice Industries will open in the Hotel Statler Tuesday morning. The convention, which is being held in Boston for the first time, will bring to the city ice dealers from all sections of the country and will remain in session for four days, closing Friday.

The members will be welcomed by the president, M. A. Robins of San Francisco, and E. L. Bennett of Somerville, representing the New England Association. The principal speaker on the opening day will be F. J. Nichols of Dayton, O., who will speak on "Marketing and Merchandising." Tuesday night, the president of the national association will entertain the directors at dinner while the national secretary will be host to the various State secretaries. During the business meeting Tuesday, the wives of the members will visit the Wayside Inn, where dinner will be served, and then go to Concord and Lexington.

Virgil Jordan, of New York, will speak on "Mergers and the Association," at the Wednesday session. The entertainment feature for the day will be a boat ride on the S. S. Yarmouth, with luncheon served on board, and dancing following.

The most important of the business sessions will be on Thursday, when outstanding problems of the industry will be discussed and officers elected for the ensuing year. The annual banquet and ball will be held in the evening.

The closing discussion Friday will be devoted to discussion of refrigerators. The entire mezzanine floor has been taken over for the convention facilities and exhibits.

Tuesday. Nov 12. 1929. Pleasant 58°

The final number served in the large group today was one hundred ninety-two. all wives of members attending the annual convention of the National Association of Ice Dealers in Boston. They were served a chicken dinner at 1 o'clock and. before leaving they were able to see the house and some of the things outside. We often regret however, that these large groups are given such a limited time in which to see the house but hope that they can all come back. individually, to see the place when they have more time.

Mr. Harry Davenport, an actor now playing in Boston. was a guest to-day and much to our surprise we found him to be keenly interested in spinning and weaving and at his home in Pennsylvania he has a large collection of spinning wheels and looms typical of this country as well as other countries. He can operate every one of them and his wife also has a thorough understanding and appreciation of the art. Mr. Davenport has made an intensive study of all old things and he has among his collections an extensive collection of Indian relics. Naturally he was very much interested in the Inn and its all its furnishings.

SATURDAY

Wednesday. Nov 13. 1929. Cloudy 50°

Mr. & Mrs. Duttee Flint of Providence arrived last evening staying over night and spending the day to-day. Unless it is a bright sunny day there are not apt to be many visitors at this time of year; especially on these gray, dull days of November. It's cloudy outside, however, it is bright and comfortable inside and those who come can more easily appreciate the cheerfulness and warmth of the sparkling, crackling fireplaces. Fires are always burning on the hearths of the fireplaces in the Bar-room - Parlor and Old Kitchen.

Thursday. Nov. 14. 1929. Overcast. warm 60°

The foot-ball games between Groton and St. Marks schools always bring large groups of the school boys and their parents and friends to the Inn. To-day at noon time, the dining-room was filled with just such groups. The boys make themselves very much at home in looking about through the rooms, playing the Edison machine in the Ball-room and sitting around the fireplaces eating apples. Then they are apt to take walks about the grounds and the surrounding country and often come back into the house again for another apple!

Mr. & Mrs. Flint stayed over again last night and left the Inn early this morning.

Friday. Nov 15. 1929. Showers. cool 52°

The dancing class met as usual, this evening under the able instruction of Miss Elliott and one pupil remarked that she thought more had been gained and learned from this lesson than from any previous lesson. The lessons and drilling in the past, however, undoubtedly have built up a background on which the dancers can now work and accomplish more as they take up one new dance after another.

Saturday. Nov 16. 1924. Very pleasant 50°

We walked "across the meadows bare and brown" this morning, following along the sheep paths over to the fruit cellar and the grist Mill and then crossed over the mill stream by means of the little wooden foot bridge, then climbed over an old stone wall and on to the Trade School. Here we found the boys busily sweeping and dusting and scrubbing their attractive looking. It is a beautiful home, but the warm sunshine and crisp cool air outside was more attractive to us this morning. Coming back across the meadows we walked along the newly constructed dirt road which runs parallel with the new concrete road - just a little below, in order to break the line of the steep grading to the right of the under-pass. Green sod has been carefully transplanted on the side of the slope and shrubbery and stone walls and wooden fences make the 20th century road with its cars whizzing by — very inconspicuous. In fact we turned our backs to the whirring of motors and stood for a while looking down towards the Sun. Now that the leaves are gone, everything seems to stand out more prominently on the landscape and we notice particularly the stone walls - miles of them it seems running by the side of the roads or dividing the meadow lands - they add so much to the picture - and the wooden fences too - there are several different kinds - but more about them later!

Monday. November 18, 1929. Rain all day. 48°

A group of twenty-eight young ladies from the Stoneleigh School at Rye Beach, New Hampshire came in for dinner at noon time and made an otherwise long, dreary day, quite a bit more cheerful and gay for us. They were shown about through the house and spent some time in reading and writing near the fire places.

Mr. + Mrs. John Cotton, a very attractive young couple from New York were overnight guests to-night. Mr. Cotton is the eighth in descent from John Cotton, the first minister of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Tuesday. November 19, 1929. Fair, cold 48°

Everybody was busy to-day getting ready for the dinner and reception which was given by Mr. + Mrs. Gerry of Sudbury to announce the marriage of their daughter. The dinner & course was served in the large dining room at eight o'clock and the reception followed in the large ball room. One hundred people came for dinner and about a hundred more for the reception. It was a gay, pretty party; the decorations were kept in the light, soft coloring of white and pink and a five piece orchestra played through the dinner and for dancing.

SURPRISE FOR MANY GUESTS AT WAYSIDE INN

Nov 20, 1929
Fram. News

Announcement Made of Marriage That Occurred on July 6

MISS GERRY BRIDE OF C. W. WOOD

Guests gathered at the Wayside Inn, South Sudbury, last night for a wedding reception, were happily surprised when announcement was made that the bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Wood, had been married on July 6 at Salem, N. H. The announcement was made by Frank F. Gerry of Sudbury, clerk of the First District court at Framingham, father of the bride, who was Miss Ruth Gerry of Sudbury.

Mr. Wood, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Wood, Packard street, Hudson, is designer for the Service Rubber Shoe Co. at Rock Island, Ill. Mrs. Wood, a graduate of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, Boston, has been fashion artist at E. T. Slattery's in Boston and has travelled extensively abroad.

The dinner and reception at the Wayside Inn was an elaborate affair with many relatives and friends of the happy couple in attendance. It is said to have been the first wedding banquet and reception held there since Henry Ford became the proprietor of the historic hostelry.

Following the banquet, at which the announcement was made of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, there was an informal reception from 9.30 to 10 o'clock and dancing in the Wayside Inn ballroom from 10 to 12. The music was furnished by a five-piece orchestra, directed by Fred Stone, famous for directing old-time dance music. Old fashioned dances were called by Harrison E. Brigham of Marlboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood will leave soon for Rock Island, Ill., where they are to make their home.

Wednesday. November 20. 1929. Fair, cold 42°

We made a discovery to-day in finding that one of our guests was Mr. Charles Hammond Gibson. Mr. Gibson used to come here frequently during Mr. Lemond's proprietorship and remembers every "finish" of the house as it was in those days. Mr. Gibson has published a book of poems called "The Spirit of Love and other poems" and says that he wrote a good many of his verses here; in fact he wrote some of them at the Daniel Webster desk in the Parlor. A copy of Mr. Gibsons book, autographed by him, is in the Inn Library.

The Inn

An old, old Inn
Partly alein;
Partly a legacy to win
The passing traveller, weary, wise,
To rest him here beneath the skies.
A draught of ale, a drop of gin —
What matters life? The wheel do turn spin;
And we must each where we begin

Although this poem of Mr. Gibsons was not written here, it is apropos and was written at the old Inn in Groton, Massachusetts.

Thursday. November 21. 1929. Snow 32°

Everybody woke up this morning to find the grounds covered with snow and the snow still falling like a regular old fashioned New England snow storm. This is when the Inn seems most comfortable and cozy within and the guests to-day found it so, as they stamped their feet and shook the snow off them, as they entered the big "double-cross" front door. One of our guests to-day was a small boy way from South Africa. His father and mother were missionaries there and this was the young man's first visit to New England. He had never seen snow before and when he looked out of his window this morning, he exclaimed: "See all the pretty white feathers!"

Miss Elliott,
our dancing
teacher.

Friday November 22. 1929 — Cloudy, cold 42°

The dancing class has a very enjoyable time every Friday evening and not only do its members have a good time socially, but they are also learning a great deal. The dances which have been learned already are the waltz. two step. polka. Sicilian Circle, Quadrille and Portland Fancy.

Saturday. November 23, 1929. Pleasant. colds. 30°

Over night guests last night were on their way early this morning to attend the Harvard-Yale game; this year being played at Cambridge. During the morning several people all bundled up in fur coats came in for a few minutes to rest and warm themselves by the fireplaces. And after the game this evening. Sad looking Yale men stopped in for dinner on their way back to New Haven.

The new roads, over which many cars travelled to-day with crimson and blue banners flying.

Looking west on the new road, a stretch just opposite the

Monday. November 25. 1929. Fair + cold 41°

Every noon two of the Grade School boys eat at the Home table, or otherwise the table where Hostesses, Teachers from the Redstone School and assistants from Mr. Boyer's office eat. As many as possible eat at 12:15 and it makes a sort of family gathering. It is also pleasing to have the boys enter into the conversation and tell us of their activities at the school. One boy to-day kept the ball rolling through the meal, telling some interesting things about electricity and the radio. Some of the boys have formed a Radio Club and evidently are very enthusiastic about it.

Tuesday. November 26. 1929. Cloudy + warmer 52°

Daniel Webster
From a Silhouette by W. H. Brown, 1840

Here is silhouette of Daniel Webster which reminds us of the desk we have in the Parlor which is said to have been used by Daniel when he was a student at Dartmouth College. It is a Hepplewhite desk and of the Bureau type having a "lean" drawer at the top which pulls out and lets down making a convenient writing desk. It is of mahogany and inlaid and we wonder that Mr. Webster could afford such a desk as this when he was attending college for he was then very poor. Some of our guests have told us that the desk which Daniel Webster used when he was in Dartmouth is now in Hanover. However, it is likely that he used more than one desk during the four years of college study. But wherever and whenever he used it, it is a beautiful old desk and we think it is one of our choicest possessions. In the lower hall-way we have a large oil painting of Mr. Webster which is much admired.

Wednesday. November 27. 1929. Overcast. colder 48°

Preparations are underway for the large number of people we are to serve tomorrow. Thanksgiving day, and the telephone rings almost incessantly with inquires and orders for the dinner. This morning Emma the cook, baked her large turkeys in the old brick oven out in the old kitchen. Guests were given an opportunity to peep into the oven to see the turkeys sizzling and sputtering and browning on all sides. How good things baked in an old brick oven smell and look and taste! And the turkeys were no exception. And out in the large dining room, our largest butter bowl was being filled with bright yellow pumpkins, squash, raw carrots and parsnips, dry corn on the cob and rosy red apples filling in the corners, typifying the Harvest season. Everybody was hustling and bustling to have the whole house in perfect order for the expected guests. And our most important guests arrived this evening. Mr. and Mrs. Fobes have come to spend Thanksgiving at the Inn.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

By His Excellency

FRANK G. ALLEN

Governor

A Proclamation

Massachusetts fondly cherishes those traditional and picturesque customs so intimately associated with the early history of our Commonwealth. We are indebted to the pious Pilgrims for having established a day of Thanksgiving — a day set apart by them for especially acknowledging for the year's bounty their gratitude to the Giver of all good.

It was at the harvest season in 1621, the year following the landing of the Pilgrims, that our forefathers inaugurated the goodly practice of assigning a day of thanksgiving. Massachusetts Bay Colony first observed this custom in 1630 and frequently thereafter until about 1680 when the day became an annual festival in Massachusetts.

There is no state in the Union where Thanksgiving Day has greater significance than in our own Commonwealth. It is uniquely an American institution, originating here in our own Plantation of Plymouth and later observed throughout the whole American Commonwealth.

If there is danger to the soul of a Commonwealth or of a Nation in the acquirement of great prosperity, there is a sure antidote in the cultivation of humility and a grateful spirit. We have much for which to be thankful. The year has been crowned with plenty. Disaster and war and pestilence have passed us by. Educational, scientific, economic and financial opportunities, to an ever-increasing extent, have been ours to grasp and utilize. We have been enfolded in peace and comfort and manifold blessings have been ours.

Now, that our citizens may be quickened to a lively and fervent sense of the goodness of God in thus prospering all our ways, and in accordance with the custom that has prevailed here in the Colony and Commonwealth for over three centuries, I, Frank G. Allen, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby appoint

Thursday, the Twenty-eighth day of November
as a day of

Thanksgiving and Prayer

In the observance of this day, I request that there be a general display of our flag, the emblem of freedom and opportunity. I plead for the strengthening of family ties, the reunion of scattered kinsmen, and the renewal of friendships. I hope that the day may assume all the joyful aspects which we since childhood have grown wont to associate with its celebration. I ask that a deeper compassion for those afflicted and less fortunate than ourselves may cleanse our hearts of selfishness and greed. I pray that as a people we may turn with thankful hearts to God, the Father Almighty, Who ever guides and protects our State and Nation; that we may "enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise"; that we may "be thankful unto Him and bless His name."

Thanksgiving Day. November 28. 1929. Fair, windy 46°

A little snow storm this morning did not prevent any of our guests from coming and by twelve o'clock the house was filled with the laughter of little children and the friendly chatter of the grown folks. All day long it was like one large family party for many of the guests stayed on through the evening to enjoy the rosy cheeked apples and the warmth of the fireplaces. It was indeed a very large family – for six hundred and fifty guests partook of the Thanksgiving dinner, and the day possessed all the joyful aspects which we since childhood have grown accustomed to associate with its celebration.

Corn was ground in the Grist Mill for the very first time this season. Thanksgiving Day. 1929.

The mill is constructed of stones drawn from Wayside Inn lands and the big steel wheel provides the water power which finally will furnish us with corn meal.

A view of the Grist Mill from the new road.

"AS ANCIENT IS THIS HOSTELRY
AS ANY IN THE LAND MAY BE,
BUILT IN THE OLD COLONIAL DAY,
WHEN MEN LIVED IN A GRANDER WAY,
WITH AMPLER HOSPITALITY—"
—LONGFELLOW

Longfellow's Wayside Inn

SOUTH SUDBURY, MASS.

November
28th
1929

THANKSGIVING DAY

NEW ENGLAND TURKEY DINNER

Consomme — Crackers

Roast Stuffed Turkey
Giblet Gravey

Mashed Potatoes — Buttered Onions

Baked Squash

Hot Rolls

Olives — Celery

Cranberry Sauce

Hearts of Lettuce — Russian Dressing

Mince Pie — Plum Pudding — Pumpkin Pie

Salted Nuts — Mints

Tea — Coffee — Cider

Friday. November 29. 1929. cold. cloudy 42°

Mr. Ford had for his breakfast this morning. Corn meal muffins which Emma made out of some of the meal that was ground at the Grist Mill yesterday. Without a doubt they tasted better than any other corn meal muffins for we think this a very significant Wayside Inn Historical event. The grist mill has been under construction for a long time due to the fact that it is built to last forever - for hundreds of years any way - and to show people in years to come the practical way in which the water power of New England was used. And there is nothing more picturesque than the turning round and round of the mill wheels.

Mr. & Mrs. Richard H. Dana and Miss Dana were dinner guests here at noon time to-day. Mr. Dana is a grandson of the poet Longfellow and son of Mrs. Edith Longfellow Dana. Mrs. Dana will always be remembered as Edith with Golden hair" in "The Children's Hour". It happened that Mr. Ford was here and could have a little visit with Mr. Dana.

The dancing class developed into a very special party to night when the members were asked to make their bows and courtesies to Mr. and Mrs. Ford. A six piece orchestra furnished music and the waltz, two-step, polka and other old fashioned dances which the class has been learning were all on the program for the evening. Also Louis Seligman, one of the Grade School boys, favored us with two selections on the violin. This was the first time Louis had played for us since he started taking lessons and he played remarkably well. Much credit is due his teacher, Miss De Mille. The older boys of the school sang two songs and an exhibition of the Quadrille was given - all helping to make the evening a very enjoyable one.

Saturday November 30. 1929. Cold cloudy 30°

Mr. Ford moves about so quietly and in such an inconspicuous way, when he is here that most of our guests never realize that he is any where about. He comes and goes sometimes without even the newspaper men knowing anything about it and to-day the newspaper men were just a little bit too late. Just as Mr. and Mrs. Ford were leaving. two or three reporters came in asking to have an interview. A bit too late when the clipping below was found in the morning paper! It certainly was a pleasure to have Mr. & Mrs. Ford here over the holiday.

Ford, of Machine-Production Fame, Buys Hand-Made Shoes at $6.25 a Pair

Henry Ford is the great machine-production man of his time, but he wears a hand-made shoe.

Yesterday noon Mr. Ford motored over to Wakefield from his Wayside Inn at Sudbury and bought himself two pairs of black calfskin, hand-turned, single-sole, lightweight Oxfords, size 8½, made to measure over a special narrow last. Cost per pair, $6.25.

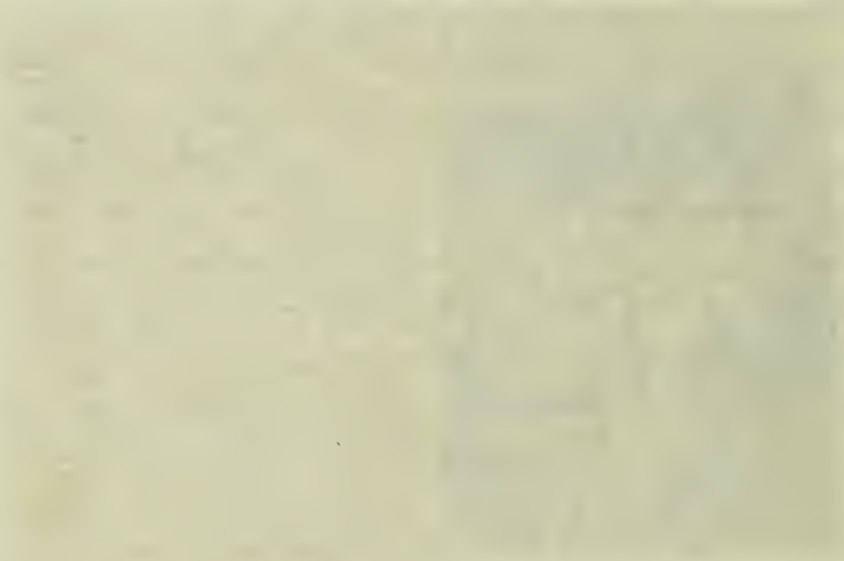
The shoes came from the factory of L. B. Evans Sons Company, which has furnished shoes for Mr. Ford for many years. But it transpires that although the orders had been given by the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, it was not until Mr. Ford's visit yesterday that the factory management knew they were for the motor magnate himself. They were requisitioned through the purchasing department, just like steam coal or office blotters, and without mention of the prospective wearer.

"Mr. Ford wears an extremely light-weight shoe," explained Percival B. Evans, who with his brother, Arthur C. Evans, directs the factory.

"He buys, accordingly, what is known as a hand-turned shoe—a shoe that is really inside-out while being made and later turned by hand. This necessitates a very flexible sole and upper, and is the method used in making most high-grade shoes for women."

Mr. Ford's visit to the factory yesterday was for the purpose of obtaining a slightly narrower last than he had been wearing. He chatted with the foremen and executives, made a brief inspection of the plant, and returned to Sudbury. He was particularly interested in the production methods of the Evans plant, where a direct antithesis to his own highly-developed machine production practices is to be found.

The Evans factory is one of the oldest shoe plants in New England, having been founded in 1840 by the grandfather of the present proprietors, Lucius Bolles Evans. Slippers and light-weight shoes are the specialty of the firm, and almost all of them are hand-turned and sewn. About 300 men are employed.



Monday December 2, 1929. Cold. stormy. 32°

During the morning, a good old fashioned snow storm set in and how cozy it seemed from the inside looking out! It seemed as if we were being wrapped in a fleecy warm white blanket which made us feel all comfortable and secure within. But we braved the storm and went into it. Here was the inn all nestled down as if it too was being enwrapped in its winter coat made of snow flakes which were falling and blowing and piling up all around it. Later the lights were lit seeming to send out a words of welcome to the travellers passing by. Plowing through the snow in front were two dark figures coming from the direction of the Red stone School. Miss Hopkins and Miss Allen. They paused and Miss Hopkins said. "Isn't it beautiful!"

Snow storm Nov 21. 1929.

Tuesday. December 3, 1929. Pleasant 40°

Mr. George Fawcett Whitcomb called on the phone last evening inquiring for Mr. Ford and asking if he might send two of his books as a gift to Mr. Ford. We do not know of Mr. Whitcomb's books, but we are familiar with his name as being the poet who in 1918 on his way to the World War, stopped at the Inn and wrote a few verses apropos of the time and place. These verses now are framed and hang on the wall of the Parlor where many of our guests read them. The last verse speaks for itself:

"Farewell, then, old inn, for a spell,
I am off to join the hawks!
Some day I may come back and tell
Great tales myself - if not - farewell!"

Many of our guests have asked "Did the poet come back?" Yes - and we hope he will come back to the Inn again and perhaps - tell us great tales.

Wednesday. December 4. 1929. Cold, pleasant 32

The snow and cold weather and icy roads continue and consequently there are very few guests. By few guests we mean perhaps twenty, six or thirty during the day and evening and most of these guests come in for dinner at noon time or tea in the afternoon or for dinner at night. And seldom the guests at this time of year are strangers. They are more likely to be old friends of the Inn who are familiar with the charm of the house when it is quiet and warm inside and cold and dreary outside. What a contrast to the busy days of the Summer season! Then, the house is filled with visitors inside and soft warm breezes blow in through the open doors and windows inviting our guests to stroll out into the garden and down to the school house or over to the mill. There is hardly time or place to sit down and thoroughly enjoy the Inn as the guests do now a days.

The garden in winter dress.

Looking towards the Gate House

Thursday. December 5, 1929. Warmer + pleasant 42°

During these quiet days the hostesses busy themselves in doing other work which fills in the time "between guests" as it were. Miss De Mille is teaching violin to six of the Grade School boys; one of the boys coming in every noon time through the week. The boys seem very earnest and sincere in their efforts to learn how to play and evidently are progressing rapidly. Louis Seligman, one of the pupils, has already played in public and we see him coming in for his lesson with music book and case under his arm in real music-master fashion.
One of the other hostesses is taking inventory. This is apt to be a long drawn out process for every article in the house must be accounted for. Often chairs and tables and rugs are moved around for perhaps a certain piece has been removed, taken out to be repaired or replaced by a more interesting object. Then, by a card index, a card is checked or explanation made on it. So that every piece can be located easily if need be. The articles are not numbered and therefore a complete description, giving measurements and location, is necessary in order to identify the article by the card.

Louis Seligman stepping out the front door just after this lesson.

Friday. December 6, 1929. Cloudy 60°

Old Kitchen dinners are underway for the season and during this first week after Thanksgiving there have been two or three parties arranged. This is becoming a very popular institution and no wonder! Practically the Venture dinner is cooked by the large open fireplace and a table is set right there in the old kitchen for the guests who enjoy seeing and smelling and eating their dinner in a wonderful old-time atmosphere. The atmosphere and good food combined bring many guests in the winter time who live near enough to come through rain or shine or snow. Not less than eight persons can be provided for in this way and the time is limited between Thanksgiving and the first of April. Soup, Roast Beef, Vegetables, Salad, Apple Pie and Indian Pudding are all on the menu; cooked and served very easily. The Roast Beef sizzles and sputters on the split rods in front of the fire for about two hours and a half and the vegetables are cooked in the large iron pots which hang on the crane. Everything seems to taste better than ordinarily. Perhaps imagination adds a little flavor!

Saturday. December 7. 1929. Cold. pleasant

The Wayside 7th Grade School's Dramatic Club gave us a fine performance of Hawthorne's "Feather Top" in the large Ball. room this morning. Under Mrs. Bristol's direction each character played his part well, speaking loudly and distinctly. The Dramatic Club is about to establish itself in a financial way, so a small admission charge was made this morning. By the number of people present we should judge a neat little sum was added to the bank account. And an orchestra composed of Miss De Wolfe, Miss Allen, Mrs. Bushnell, Mr. Seligman and Mr Clifford, all members of the Wayside family, furnished music between acts. After the Play, a few old-time dances were enjoyed by the guests present.

FEATHERTOP

Adapted From

Nathaniel Hawthorne's

Story of

Witch-Craft

Presented

by

Wayside Inn Trade School Dramatic Club

Cast of Characters

In order of appearance

Mother Rigby (The Witch)	Thomas Hogan
Dickon	Charles Webber
Featherton (The Scarecrow)	Francis Calvert
Justice Gookin	David Sobel
Polly Gookin	William Bridges
1st Villager	Nicholas Giovinetti
2nd Villager	Earl Stoddard
3rd Villager	Charles Barkhous
4th Villager	Leon Gooch
5th Villager	Joseph Howard

Under the Direction of

Mr. Roger A. Bristol

Program

Scene I

Interior of Mother Rigby's Cottage

Morning, Late in 17th Century

Scene II

Street Before Justice Gookins

Noon of Same Day

Scene III

Same as Scene I

Evening of Same Day

Music By Wayside Inn Orchestra

Monday. December 9. 1929. Pleasant 4

Exactly fourteen people visited the Inn to-day. We think that slippery roads and Christmas Shopping days account for this small number, especially the latter, for there was a noticeable lack of women guests! One gentleman to-day came from England and one from Montreal and Mr. Arthur Leslie Green came from Newport, Rhode Islands. Mr. Green, announced to us, as soon as he had taken off his over coat and adjusted his glasses - which by the way, were fastened to a wide black ribbon - that he was known to have the finest collection of Windsor chairs in this country! He peered over his glasses with approval at our Windsors in the Bar room and lingered long in looking at every piece of furniture in the house. Evidently. Mr. Green has a notable collection of American antiques and he also buys for the Rhode Islands Schools of design. He knows the Inn in Mr. Lemons time and told us that Mr. Lemons family had not the same appreciation of the old house as Mr. Lemon. One Christmas Mr. Lemon presented every member of the family with a book on old furniture and from Mr. Green's account, we learned that they were not very acceptable gifts!

A Slippery Road
Looking towards the Inn from the old Boston Post Road
Gate House on the left.

Tuesday. December 10. 1929. Cloudy. cold

A man. representing himself as a "reincarnation" of Daniel Boone appeared to-day and, indeed! he looked the part! Dressed like a typical pioneer. he carried a gun at his belt and stride about in high leather boots. His cap was made of coon skin and he carried a sort of sack on his back! His real name is Geo. S. Stirl and he has called on several noted people in the United States. including Mr. Ford. Mr. Stirl visited the Red Stone School and spent the night here at the Inn.

We are enjoying the company of Dorothy Jane and Betty Boyer who are staying here through the week, while Mr. & Mrs. Boyer are in Detroit. Dorothy Jane is a little over two years old and Betty is a pupil in the Red Stone School. Both are adding so much to the liveliness of the Inn — for what home is complete without the pit-a-pat of tiny footsteps and gay laughter of little voices!

Picture of Daniel Boone
(Sent for)

Wednesday. December 11, 1929 Pleasant. cold 28°

Yesterday afternoon and evening, two of the hostesses visited the Antiques Exhibition which is being held this week at the Statler Hotel in Boston. Through the courtesy of the Antiquarian Magazine, free tickets were sent to the Inn and it was a treat to see this display of furniture and glass and all things old. Much English furniture was exhibited and some French. We saw a picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware, done in silk needlework and priced at $5,000. A very ornate old Spanish desk attracted quite a lot of attention and a notable exhibit was that of a dealer in Connecticut who showed many beautiful pieces of pewter, all having an American makers mark. One of the most attractive booths was arranged by Flora Howard Haggard of Newtown, Connecticut in which were shown many very early cooking implements and utensils, some of iron and some of wood. These reminded us of the furnishings of our old kitchen and after all, appealed to us more than any of the other more pretentious displays.

Thursday. December 12. 1929 Pleasant. cold 35°

We heard a tinkle of bells to-day and looked out the window to see a long low sleigh, pulled by two prancing horses, coming down the road way opposite the Inn. And on the sleigh were some large, heavy logs. Evidently just cut from one of the wood lots, and the driver standing in front - holding in the horses. This was a sight we have not seen for many a day. The past few winters have been so mild that there has hardly been snow enough to provide good sledding and if enough snow, it has come late and lasted only a day or two. A little snow last night helped along that which we already have and as the old saying goes, we are "making hay while the sun shines". In this case, however, it is "making fun while the snow lasts" and the children in the Red Stone School have had quite a little sliding already with toboggans and sleds.

Official Guide to Exhibits

of the

First Boston Antiques Exposition

Held in the Imperial Ballroom

of the

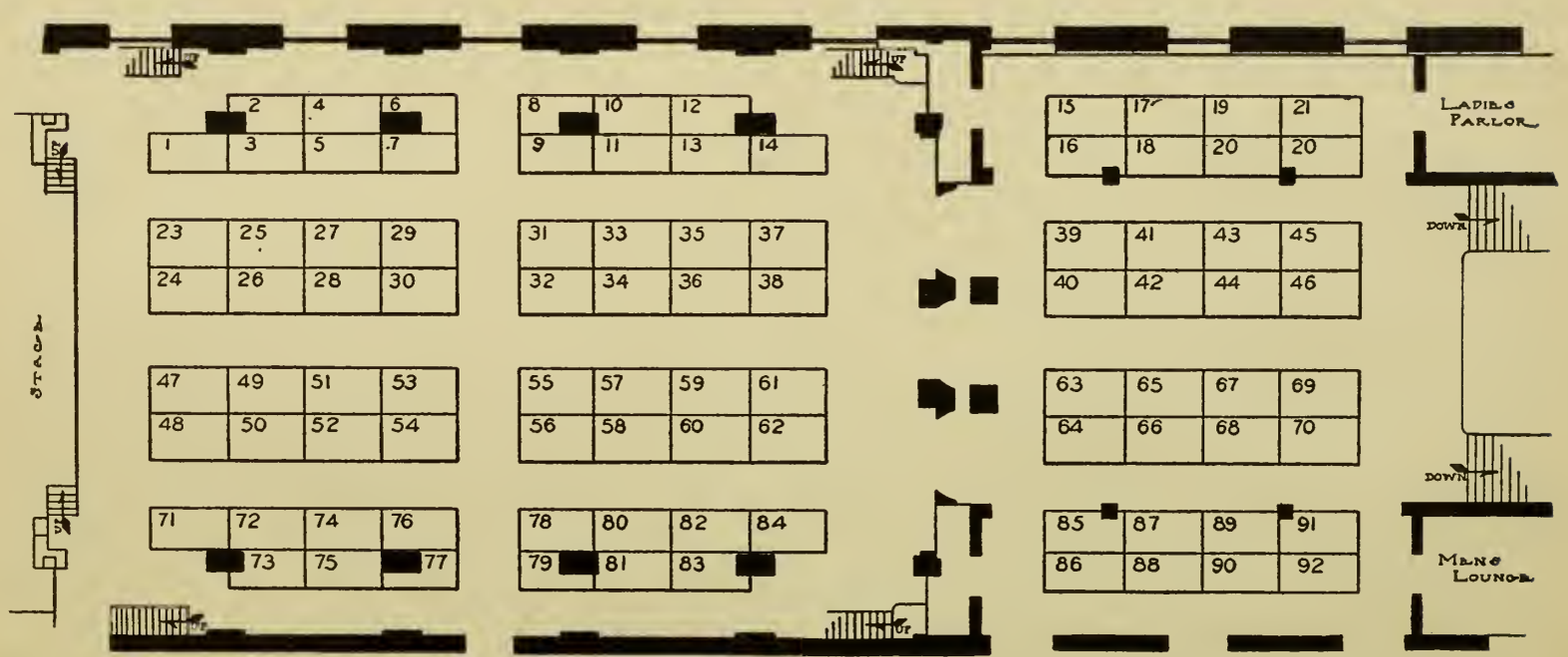
HOTEL STATLER

Boston, Massachusetts

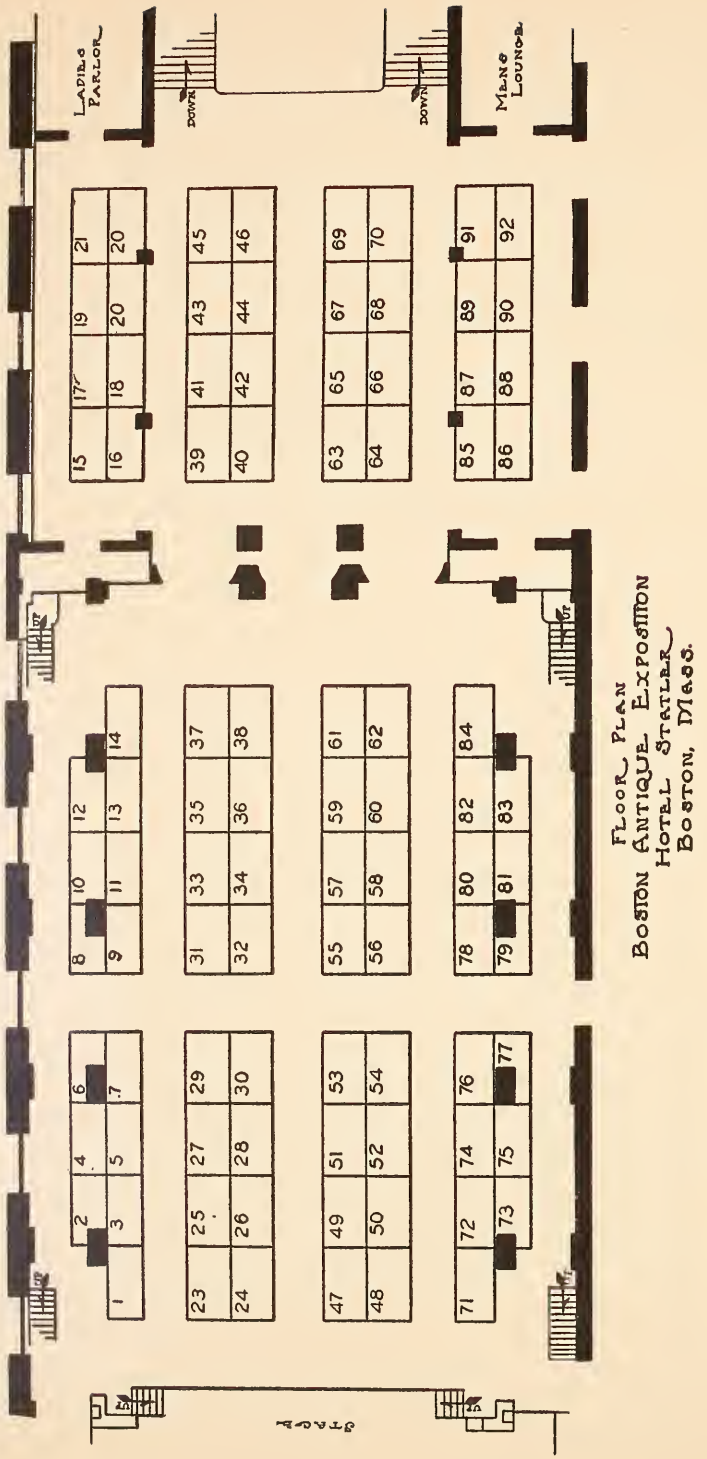
December 9th to 13th, 1929

BOSTON ANTIQUES EXPOSITION
Executive Offices:
115 Broadway, New York

George W. Harper
Managing Director



FLOOR PLAN
BOSTON ANTIQUE EXPOSITION
HOTEL STATLER



FLOOR PLAN
BOSTON ANTIQUE EXPOSITION
HOTEL STATLER
BOSTON, MASS.

LIST OF EXHIBITORS

at the

Boston Antiques Exposition

held in the

IMPERIAL BALLROOM OF THE HOTEL STATLER

December 9th to 13th, 1929

NORMAN R. ADAMS, INC. Booths Nos. 43 to 46 inc.
140 Charles Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
10 Hans Rd., Knightsbridge, London.
Unity St., Bristol, England.

Interesting and authentic pieces of 18th century English furniture, together with an unusual collection of old china, glass and various smaller articles especially imported with an eye to the Christmas trade requirements of the dealers and decorators visiting the Exposition.

THE ANTIQUARIAN. Booths Nos. 53 and 54.
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

The magazines and books relating to antiques, rarities and interior decoration.

JOHN AUSTIN BELDEN. Booth No. 85.
East Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

Early American in the rough.

BESSE'S ANTIQUE SHOP. Booths Nos. 63 and 64.
Kennebunk, Maine.

A selected showing of furniture, rugs, glass and Currier and Ives prints.

BIGELOW KENNARD & CO., INC. Booth No. 51.
511 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Antique English furniture. Mirrors. English silver. Clocks. Pewter.

BLANCHARD'S ANTIQUE SHOP. Booth No. 52.
Center Sandwich, New Hampshire.

Early American antique furniture, glass, lustre, prints, pottery, pewter, brass, tin, copper, iron, silver, hooked rugs and works of art.

BOSTON ANTIQUE SHOP, INC. Booth No. 15.
59 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

A few unusual pieces of New England furniture and part of its large collection of curios and interesting items for domestic and decorative use. Also some interesting ship models and ship pictures, sea chests and whaling relics.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT. Booth No. 14.
324 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Featuring the oldest newspaper antiques department in this country. Free copies of the Transcript's Exposition section, also facsimiles of the first Transcript July 24, 1830. Matrices and forms used for the Exposition section will be on display.

ARAKEL H. BOZYAN. Booth No. 87.
Newport, Rhode Island.

Rare old Persian rugs of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. English and American prints. Italian 16th century silver Monstrance. Italian 16th century Last Supper (silver). Strings of African amber beads of the 12th, 16th and 18th centuries. Autograph collection, etc.

BY-WAY ANTIQUE SHOP. Booth No. 27.
Harwichport, Massachusetts.

Antique hooked rugs. Currier & Ives prints. Staffordshire figures. Old china and glass. Pine, maple and painted furniture.

CLIFFORD & LAWTON, INC. Booth No. 79.
373 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Publications, magazines and books.

COCK O' THE WALK ANTIQUE SHOP. Booth No. 73.
845 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Old Masonic Spread. A pine table desk owned and used by father and grandfather of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge (historic value). Rare slant-top, bow-front desk (1774). Rare Wedgewood, dolls, pitchers, dogs, etc. Portraits: Bradford Children, George Washington and others.

COFFEE CUP ANTIQUE SHOP. Booth No. 40.
101 Front Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts.

Specializing in old lustre. Fine old glass. Furniture and general antiques.

LAURA S. COPENHAVER. Booths Nos. 81 and 83.
"Rosemont", Marion, Virginia.

Historic old coverlets and quilts. Hand hooked rugs. Old four poster beds. Ottomans and foot stools.

COURTRIGHT HOUSE. Booths Nos. 61 and 62.
9 Charles Street at Beacon, Boston, Massachusetts.

A French boudoir, which demonstrates a pleasing relation between the old and the new by the use of old furniture in a modern setting.

MARTHA DEAN—SNUG HARBOR ANTIQUE SHOP. Booth No. 75.
Main Street, New London, Connecticut.

A group of American antique furniture and interesting small objects combined with examples of decorative fabrics and wall-papers, illustrating the dual capacity of this shop which specializes in fine American antiques and executes interiors of originality and distinction.

FLAYDERMAN & KAUFMAN. Booths Nos. 3 and 5.
68 Charles Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Labelled "Townsend" and "Frothingham" (Early American cabinet makers) fine furniture—greatest rarities known.

GEORGE C. GEBELEIN. Booth No. 28.
79 Chestnut Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Early silver, American, English and Continental, and Sheffield plate. Old pewter. Antiques in metals.

POLLY GREEN ANTIQUE SHOP. Booth No. 4.
288A Harvard Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

American and foreign antiques. Glass. Mirrors. Rare prints. China. Barrel bureau 1740. Bilboa mirror 1750. Overlay glass.

FLORA HOWARD HAGGARD. Booth No. 12.
Newtown, Connecticut.

An early da-bed. Wing chair. Curly maple bureau. Banjo clock signed "A. Willard." Fireplace iron, such as toasters, skillets, pots, kettles, etc. Currier & Ives prints. Patch quilts. Lustre tea set. Sandwich glass. Lamps. Cup plates. Salts. Bottles. Flasks. Pottery. Early lighting utensils. The search for Christmas gifts will be ended for many by a visit to this booth.

HARLOW & HOWLAND. Booth No. 41.
20 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Antique furniture. Toile de Jouy. Prints. Maps. Sheffield. Pewter. Books and manuscripts.

HICKS GALLERY, INC. Booths Nos. 31 and 32.
16 Fayette Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

English and Colonial antiques. Paintings. Interior decorations. Wall papers. Metal window cornices.

G. & E. HYAMS, LTD. Booths Nos. 65 to 68 inc.
The Tudor House, Skegness, Lincolnshire, England.

To old Bostonians will be shown twelve old Water Colours and engravings of Boston Stump and Market Place, also six first editions of P. Thompson's History of Boston. This work is becoming very scarce and one would make a very appreciable Christmas gift. Also a very rare and historical silver Irish Potato Ring (circ 1745), maker, Robert Skinner, Dublin, very heavily embossed and reputed to be one of the finest in existence, together with some very fine Geo. II silver from the same family. A collection of seventeen old salt glaze large dishes and plates with paintings of old sailing ships. Several very rare marked specimens of Rockingham, Derby, Spode,

Worcester tea and dessert services. Sets of Chippendale, Heppelwhite and Sheraton chairs. Bookcases in mahogany and walnut, etc. Silver and copper lustre and old Staffordshire dogs, horses and groups.

SCHUYLER JACKSON. Booth No. 39.
Jericho, Brownsburg, Pennsylvania.

Rare and unique Pennsylvania furniture, glass and china in original state. Finest collection of fracture paintings in America.

MAURICE JEFFERIES. Booth No. 77.
Skegness, Lincolnshire, England.

Early English furniture, glass and china. Moulds of Staffordshire pottery, etc. This stand is worthy of a visit as it consists of many interesting and educating features.

JORDAN MARSH COMPANY. Booths Nos. 21 and 22.
Boston, Massachusetts.

American antiques of mahogany and maple.

LOUIS JOSEPH. Booths Nos. 55 to 58 inc.
14 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

An exceedingly rare and unusual Lowestoft tea service, each piece decorated with ships. Some Wedgewood and Waterford glass candelabras. Early English 18th century furniture. Old English silver, etc., from the following well known collections: Lord Barnby, Lord Clive, Lady Musgrave, W. A. Coats, Sir Alfred Jorrell, Lord Lambourne, Ernest Waibell, Sir Philip Waterlow, Lady Henry and Sir Edmund Charles Nugent.

FERDINAND KELLER. Booths Nos. 17 and 18.
216-224 S. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Choice pieces of Early American furniture in pine, maple and mahogany, consisting of highboys, chests of drawers, sideboards, corner cupboards, chairs and secretary. American and English silver and Sheffield. Rare china, glass and bric-a-brac.

KOOPMAN. Booths Nos. 37 and 38.
73 Chestnut Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

English and Flemish furniture of the 18th century. Fine glass and porcelains.

LANCASTER ANTIQUE SHOP. Booth No. 82.
Lancaster, Massachusetts.

A unique setting for things strictly American. Very early pine, maple and accessories for the country home or studio. Pieces that will at once gain your confidence and win your admiration. Furniture, glass, china, lamps, pewter, Staffordshire, paperweights, dolls, toys and children's furniture.

LUCIA D. LEFFINGWELL. Booth No. 2.
Sherwood Studios, 58 W. 57th Street, New York City.

Handwrought Persian and Turkish antiques, including jewelry, fabrics, embroideries and pottery. Copper and brass ewers, bowls, candlesticks, trays, etc. Bronze figurines, Egyptian and Babylonian. Iridescent amphorae, terra cotta lamps. Persian prints and miniatures. Small Killim rugs. Korans in Arab script.

ELLIS LEVENSON. Booths Nos. 29 and 30.
265 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

English and Continental furniture. Tapestries. Paintings. Sporting prints. Brocades and objects of art from a collector's collection

ARTHUR MARTIN. Booth No. 42.
Box 101, Shelton, Connecticut.

English mahogany furniture of the Chippendale, Heppelwhite and Sheraton periods. English silver, Sheffield plate, pewter and china.

JOHN M. MITCHELL. Booths Nos. 91 and 92.
Greenwich, Connecticut.

A general line of antiques, mostly American.

GLENN TILLEY MORSE. Booth No. 7.
West Newbury, Massachusetts.

Silhouettes from the famous Glenn Tilley Morse Collection of six thousand. The most famous silhouettists represented. Silhouettes cut and painted on ivory, porcelain, glass and plaster, in black, gold and colors and set in jewels. Edouart's original American Folios.

FLORENCE NESMITH. Booth No. 36.
78 Chestnut Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
138 Market Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.

Foreign antiques. Gifts, decorations, textiles, furniture and small pieces.

O' CRO' COC' HOUSE—LILIAN WILKINSON BOSCHEN. Booth No. 60.
81 South Street, Freehold, New Jersey.

Rare collection of Shenandoah pottery, Leeds china, china cup plates, Schimmel toys and mechanical banks.

OLD ENGLISH GALLERIES. Booths No. 47 to 50 inc.
86-88 Chestnut Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Beautiful examples of furniture and decorations of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods; also Georgian silver and Sheffield especially suitable for Christmas gifts.

THE OLD HOUSE. Booths Nos. 78 and 80.
682 Main Street, Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Choice pieces personally selected this summer in England, France, Italy and odd corners of the Continent. American antiques have not been neglected. In this collection are many articles particularly suitable for Christmas gifts.

OLD VILLAGE ANTIQUE SHOP. Booths Nos. 23 and 25.
75 Chestnut Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
York Village, Maine.

Antiques and decorations. Fine American and English pieces including importations from the British Isles of furniture, china, glass, silver, brass, etc. Several sets of Crown Derby, Dr. Wall period Worcester and other choice pieces of the best makers.

THE OX BOW ANTIQUE SHOP. Booth No. 13.
88 Charles Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

A general line of New England pine and maple furniture, hooked rugs, china and glass adapted for use in the average home. Lamps and shades.

PIEDMONT HOUSE GALLERIES. Booth No. 86.
81 Broadway, Boston, Massachusetts.

Antique furniture and interior decorations.

P. G. PLATT. Booth No. 84.
Wallingford, Pennsylvania.

Large and varied assortment of marked American pewter, together with a background of Philadelphia furniture.

MISS AMY PLEADWELL. Booth No. 20.
82 Chestnut Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

French antiques, provincial furniture and textiles.

THE PRISCILLA SHOP. Booths Nos. 71 and 72.
Boston Post Road, Weston, Massachusetts.

American furniture, early and Colonial. Two superlative card tables. Chairs (fine roundabout). Chests of drawers. Mirrors. China. Glass.

QUEEN ANNE STUDIOS. Stage.
739 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

18th century living room panelled in old painted architectural canvasses. Lady's bedroom in the French manner. Early pine dining room.

I. SACK CABINET HARDWARE COMPANY. Booth No. 16.
85 Charles Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Antique hardware.

THE SHOP BEAUTIFUL—G. L. TILDEN. Booth No. 26.
Northboro, Massachusetts.

Glass cup plates, salts, paperweights, sandwich lace glass, Early American glass, prints, old tin, china, mugs, plates, lusterware, etc.

THE SHUTTLE-CRAFT COMPANY, INC. Booth No. 9.
30 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Hand woven rugs, linens, coverlets, pillow tops, etc. In this booth will be a hand-loom in use showing how the early Colonial patterns were woven.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF NEW ENGLAND ANTIQUITIES.
Booths Nos. 88 and 90.
141 Cambridge Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Framed examples of early wall paper and photographs of early New England houses.

THE SPINNING WHEEL ANTIQUE SHOP—LALLIE LEE KENNEDY.
Booths Nos. 33 and 34.
35 Fayette Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Early American, English and French glass, china, mirrors, trays, pewter, copper and other interesting oddments. Fine examples of pine, maple and early mahogany furniture, also rare Chippendale, Adam, Heppelwhite and Sheraton furniture.

THE SPINNING WHEEL, INC. Booth No. 24.
420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Early American antiques, including a burled walnut Queen Anne highboy with herringbone inlay.

H. STONE'S ANTIQUE SHOP. Booth No. 89.
303 Cambridge Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
542 Main Street, Hyannis, Mass.

Maple and mahogany furniture. Sandwich glass. Hooked rugs. Currier & Ives prints.

EMMA FENNO STRINGER. Booth No. 1.
125 Charles Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

American and English antiques. Pine cupboard. Mantel piece. Sets of old tiles. Silver lustre. Currier and Ives prints. Ship paintings. Old china and glass.

THE SUN—NEW YORK. Booth No. 74.
280 Broadway, New York City.

Display of the Saturday antique pages of The Sun. Distribution of copies of the first Sun (1833). Display showing growth of The Sun.

AUDREY TALCOTT. Booth No. 10.
London, England.

Miscellaneous English antiques.

THOMAS & DAWSON. Booth No. 76.
355 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Antique furniture and decorative fabrics.

THOMAS & PIERSON, INC., NEW YORK. Booth No. 6.
Agents—W. Wingate & Johnston, Ltd., of London, England.

Packers and shippers of antiques, works of art, household goods, between the United States and England, France, Italy and Germany.

THE TREASURE SHOP. Booths Nos. 69 and 70.
Hyannis, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

English and American furniture and glass. New England hooked rugs. Unusual looking-glasses. Early lace glass. Choice chairs, desks and tables.

WEBSTER PLACE ANTIQUE SHOP—CLYDE C. BROWN. Booth No. 35.
Franklin, New Hampshire.

Maple and pine furniture. Queen Anne desk in perfect condition. Very small Martha Washington chair in original condition. New England hooked rugs. Glass. Early lighting fixtures.

THE "WEST WIND". Booth No. 11.
Dennis, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

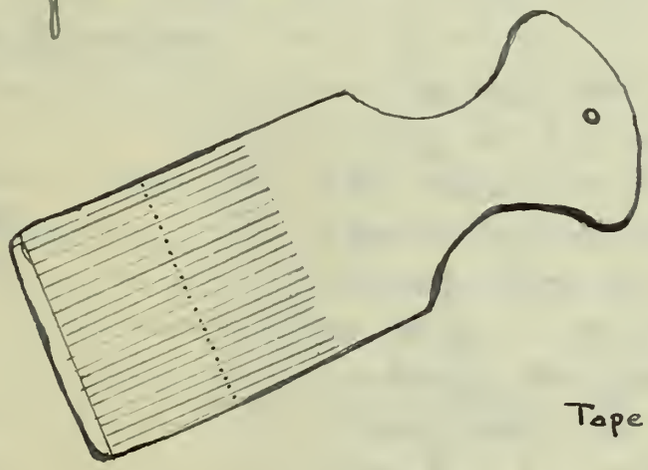
Early American furniture and household furnishings typical of New England farmhouse, including such English china, glass and metalware as imported and used in early times.

WICKFORD HILL ANTIQUE SHOP—BENJAMIN A. JACKSON. Booth No. 59.
141 West Main Street, Wickford, Rhode Island.

Clocks, furniture, china, glass, miniatures, pewter, silver and ornamental figures.

Friday, December 13. 1929. Cloudy 2°

The small number of guests continue, enabling the hostesses to busy themselves with preparations for Christmas. Mrs. Putnam is knitting a scarf and can be seen often with her needles and yarn sitting before the open fire. This is as we picture the ladies of olden time sitting before the fireplaces here, always occupied with some form of needle work. And she in a corner of the Bar-room. Miss Staples has set up an old Tape Loom and is very industrious trying to weave a bit of tape! The process looks rather complicated but the common weaving methods are practised; a "shed" made of the warp is formed and the woof put through. Being very narrow, once you get into the swing of it, it goes very rapidly. The loom in use is one that usually hangs on the wall in the Old Kitchen.



Tape Loom.

Saturday. December 14. 1929. Pleasant. warmer 42°

Two distinguished guests put their names in our Special Guest Register to-day. One was Mr. Jose Iturbi, a Mexican pianist who came as the guest of Mr. Hamilton C. MacDougall. Mr. MacDougall is Professor Emeritus of Music at Wellesley and comes to the Inn frequently. The other gentleman of distinction, was Mr. Laurence Doggett, President of the International Y.M.C.A. College in Springfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Doggett came with other Y. M. C. A. leaders who are now holding a convention in the near by town of Kendall Green.

Monday. December 16. 1929. Rain 26°

A man alone, wandered in to-day. He ordered tea, lit his pipe and sat down on the settle by the fire place in the Bar-room. As we are eager to have our guests enjoy the house in whatever way they choose, we left this particular guest to meditate by himself before the warm, cheery fire. Later when Mr. Snicker - for that was the gentleman's name - later, when he came to pay for his tea, he said that he was a Clergyman and was extremely grateful for a quiet place to come where he could be alone with his thoughts. He said that the day before, which was Sunday, had been an unusually busy day for him and that he felt he must get away from his church - from his people - just for a few moments of repeating thought in a quiet, peaceful place.

Tuesday. December 17. 1929. Very stormy. rain 38°

The Grist Mill is nearing completion and to-day we took a ride up there. Mr. Ling, the workman in charge, seems to know all there is to know about Grist Mills, but he says himself: "Been at it all my life and can learn a lot yet!" All of the inside equipment is now installed: the elevators, separating machines, bolting machines and reels, and grinding stones. In fact, everything for grinding wheat and corn. The big stones for actually grinding are French Burr stones, said by old Burr millers to be best adapted to the purpose - nothing equal. And as these huge stones, weighing close to 2 ton, revolve around and around, there is a sort of music to the sound. It is not a steady, boring noise, but there is a swing to it which used to make the farmers sing as they brought their Grist to the mill - "For the half - for the half - for the half." Mr. Ling tells us that it is a traditional story among millers that one day as a farmer brought his corn to the mill, he was singing that song, thinking that from every bushel of corn ~~he~~ he brought to the mill - he only received about a half bushel of ground corn in return. The next day, another farmer was bringing his corn and as he approached the mill and heard the noise of the wheels, he sang Bag and all - bag and all, bag and all!

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO
Wayside Inn
SOUTH SUDBURY, MASS.

Corn Meal

Some of the first ground in the Wayside Inn Grist Mill December 1929.

Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims for Corn

Special to the Transcript:

Washington, Dec. 21—When the Pilgrim Fathers sat down with their Indian friends to enjoy the fruits of their first year's labor in the New World, at the first Thanksgiving feast, corn was the piece de resistance.

We always think about the turkey first, in our mental picture of that early feast. Our magazine cover artists help to perpetuate the tradition, too, by showing a Puritan in a steeple hat, stalking a proud gobbler with a blunderbuss. Aside from the inaccuracy in showing the ancient fowling-piece as a bell-mouthed gun of German invention, the picture is all right, for the Pilgrims and the other Puritan settlers who came after them did hunt turkeys in the woods. But it misplaces the emphasis of the story.

Corn was the chief gift of the Lord for which the Pilgrims felt that they must return thanks. During that first terrible winter, when starvation and disease stalked through the little settlement at Plymouth, it was this new and strange Indian grain that kept life in the struggling colony. More than once the foraging parties in the woods came upon Indian caches of corn, and carried them home without inquiring too nicely about the exact ownership. Theirs was the claim of hunger, which is very apt to weigh heavily when title is doubtful.

In the spring the survivors at Plymouth learned from the Indians how to cultivate their grain, dropping a fish or two in each hill with the seed, to serve as fertilizer. They learned how to make hominy and how to grind meal, and to adapt this new cereal to their European tastes. From this small beginning, and from others like it, in Jamestown and the later English colonies, as well as in the Spanish and French settlements elsewhere on the continent, the cultivation of corn has spread until it is now the chief cereal crop of America, and produces more wealth in a year than all our gold and silver mines do in a decade. It has travelled farther than our missionaries or our merchants, to China, to Manchuria, to Hungary, to Africa, Australia, to the pampas of Argentina, establishing American plant colonies all over the temperate lands of the world. Here at home it has appropriated for its own special use the name intended originally for all the grains—for "corn" at first included wheat, rye and all the others which we now designate as "small grains." Thus has Indian corn conquered our agricultural thinking.

Nobody knows where corn first came from, nor what its wild ancestor was. It is now so highly specialized that it will perish if left to grow wild. And the earliest corn we know, small, rather nubbly ears found in Basket-Maker graves in the Southwest, is still the product of evolution under human guidance, and much more like modern corn than it is like any wild plant we know of. It is conjectured that corn is the offspring of the Mexican wild grass known as teosinte, but efforts to repeat the development of teosinte into corn have not yet been successful.

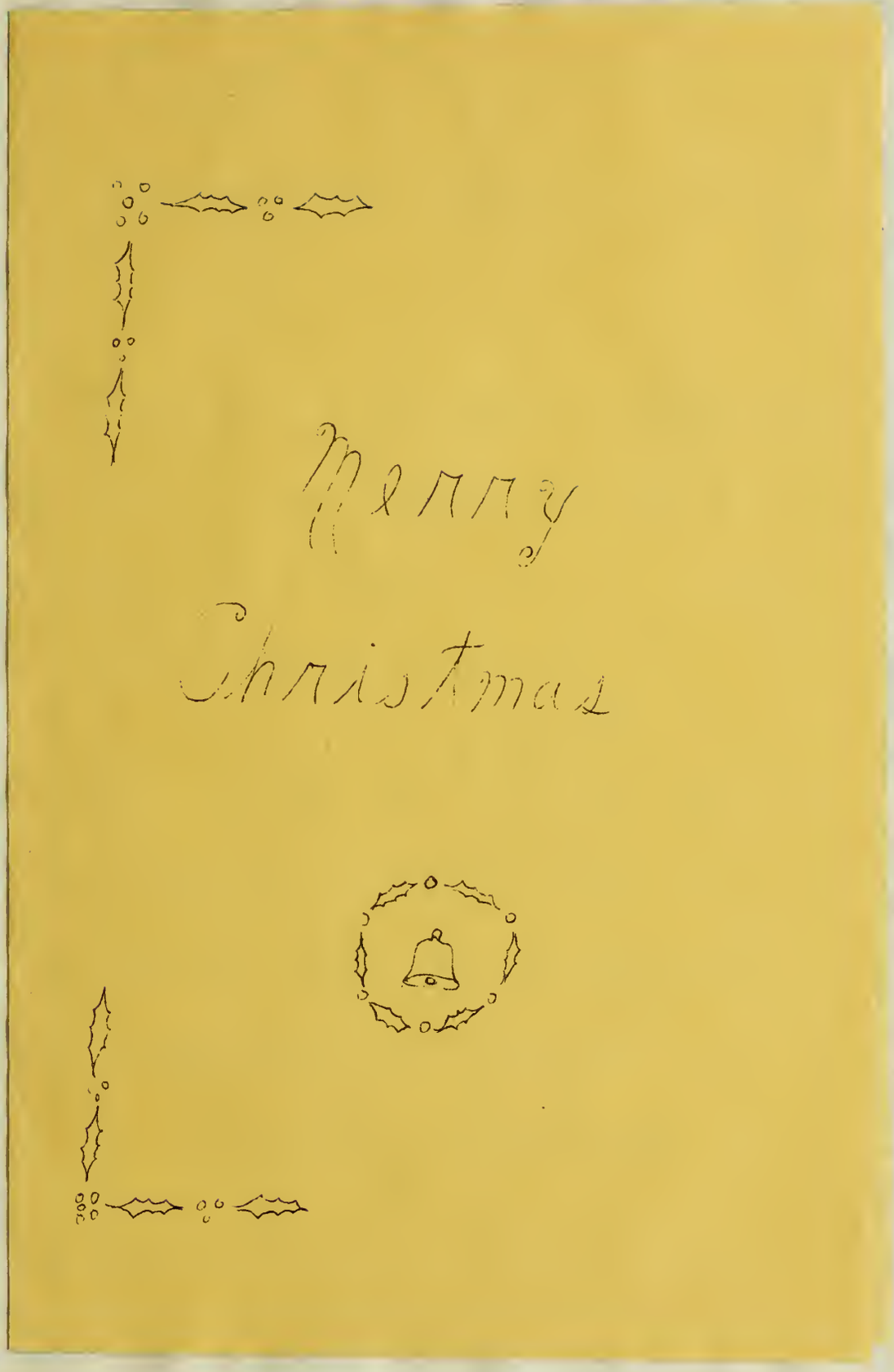
The proper and distinctive name of corn, used in England and on the Continent, is maize. This name is perpetuated in the botanical name, Zea mais. It is probably derived from the name found by Columbus in the mouths of the Indians of Cuba, "mahiz."

Wednesday Dec 18. 1929. Rain 32°

And since we have been thinking about the Grist Mill and the grinding of meal. we have found several articles pertaining to corn and its significance in the old days. Here is a very interesting account which tells us that corn was the piece de resistance at the first Thanksgiving feast of the pilgrims in New England. They soon learned from the Indians how to shell corn and how to grind it. A Grist mill was built in Salem as early as 1639 and the corn sheller by the side of the front door in the Inn to-day is a constant reminder that our forefathers in the old days spent much time and energy getting the corn off the cob - ready for the mills.

Thursday. Dec. 19, 1929 Cloudy 36°

There is a spirit of good fellowship, of friendliness and happiness in the whole land. All the World is in. This spirit is brought to its fullest expression at Christmas time. Friends and families of those who care for the Inn spend the evening together in celebrating this greatest festival of the year. As the time for this gathering nears and the Christmas season approaches - all is in readiness. A great Christmas tree is brought in from the woods nearby. evergreen wreaths hang in the windows - packages tied with red and green ribbons are discovered in secret hiding places. The fire crackles on the hearths and we speed the parting guests with "A Merry Christmas to all!"


Merry
Christmas

Please come to the New Ball Room of the Wayside Inn and help us observe the Holy Day

On Friday, December the Twentieth we are going to gather before the Yule Log to sing together — listen to a program togther — be together to enjoy and radiate the

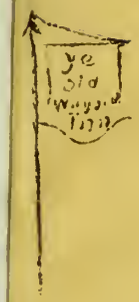
Spirit of Christmas

Friday. December 20. 1929. Clear + cold 38°

For our Christmas party tonight, a beautiful musical program was planned and arranged by Mr. Campbell of the Trade School and Mrs. Putnam one of the hostesses at the Inn. Mr. Hatch, from Mr. Boyer's office, acted as master of ceremonies and announced the various numbers as they appeared on the program; a recitation by one of the Trade School boys, a quartet composed of some of the men on the farm and Trade School instructors, a double quartet, a reading of one of O. Henry's Christmas stories, a large chorus of mixed voices, a solo by Mr. Boyer, groups of Carols sung by the whole audience and lastly the smallest children all gathered around the Christmas tree to hear the old familiar story of the Night Before Christmas as told to them by Mr. Varrichione. And then Santa himself appeared and distributed boxes of candy to the children. And we must not forget the orchestra and accompanist, Miss Allen of the Mary Lamb School.

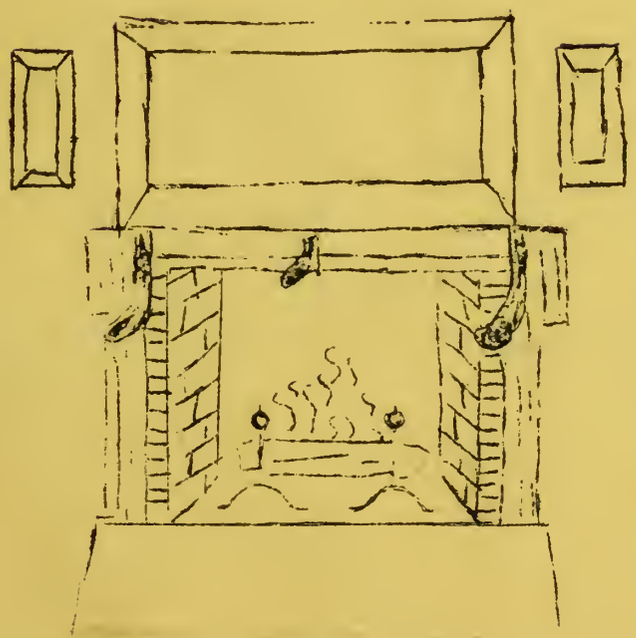
Had this program been given in the humblest dwelling it would have had the same significance, but tonight the inn room - the large Ball-room - seemed to radiate the Spirit of Christmas and those who came felt its warmth and beauty in the evergreen decorations, the red candles burning in each window and the vari-colored lights of the Christmas tree. The bright lights in the chandeliers were turned out and a soft, dim religious light flickered through the greens onto the simple, white panelling of the room. And every single person present must have caught the Spirit - from the older men and women who sang heartily the old familiar carols - to the tiniest child who ran up to greet Santa Claus. It was a beautiful picture - a beautiful Spirit. Nothing could have been lovlier as an observance of the Holy day in this dear old Inn.

"O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel!"



CHRISTMAS

GREETINGS.



PROGRAM

Master of Ceremonies - Mr. Hatch

1.	ORCHESTRAL SELECTION	
2.	CAROLS (Everybody sing) (a) O Come All Ye Faithful (b) Joy to the World (c) O Little Town of Bethlehem	
3.	A CHRISTMAS FOLK SONG	George Smith
4.	SILENT NIGHT	Male Quartette
5.	A CHRISTMAS CAROL	Joseph Ochedowski
6.	O HOLY NIGHT	Chorus
7.	GIFT OF THE MAGI (O. Henry)	Arthur Logue
8.	FIRST NOWELL	Junior Trade School Chorus
9.	GOOD KING WENCESLAS	John Lindberg
10.	SLEEP MY JESU	Mr. Boyer
11.	MOTHER GOOSE AND HER CHILDREN MEET SANTA	Redstone School Children
12.	HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING	Trade School Chorus
13.	THE SHEPHERD WHO STAYED	Charles Webber
14.	COME TO MY HEART LORD JESUS	Double Quartette
15.	WINTER	George Johnson
16.	CAROLS (Once more - everyone) (a) It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (b) While Shepherds Watched (c) Silent Night	
17.	THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS	Mr. Varrichione
18.	SANTA CLAUS	
19.	ORCHESTRAL SELECTIONS	

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and
triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him, born the King of
O come, let us adore Him, angels.
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this
happy morning.
Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh
appearing.
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
And Heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n, and Heav'n and nature sing.

He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders, wonders of His love.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heav'n's all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years,
Shall come the time foretold.
When the new heav'n and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

"The Heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

"CHRISTMAS, more than any other in our civilization, is the festival of joy. And music, more than any other art which that civilization has created, is the purest of joy's expressions."

THE WORCESTER ROADS

Any one who has motored over the Boston Post Road to Worcester on a Sunday or holiday will find it difficult, at least on first thought, to sympathize with citizens of Northboro, Marlboro, Sudbury and other communities along the route who look with displeasure on the state's plan to rebuild the Worcester turnpike through Framingham, thus creating another direct highway. The present road, much as it has been reconstructed near Henry Ford's Wayside Inn and at other points, is inadequate for the heavy traffic between the two largest cities in Massachusetts. Any attempt to delay the rebuilding of the turnpike, which is several miles shorter than the present route, is likely to appear a selfish gesture to inconvenience motorists throughout the state.

It is good to hear, therefore, that Marlboro and its neighbors do not oppose the new route but merely wish the Post Road improved before work on the other begins. If these improvements are not too extensive and do not materially delay the Wellesley-Framingham-Shrewsbury project, no one can seriously object. Citizens of the Post Road towns have large investments in garages, hotels, and wayside stands, and it would be unfair to them if that road were neglected. But there is business enough for two good highways between Boston and Worcester and the better and wider the roads, the more motorists will be inclined to use them. Marlboro may fear the Framingham route now, but we doubt whether it will find its fears justified five years from now.

Boston Herald
December 20. 1929

Saturday. December 21. 1929. Cloudy 18°

There is much discussion about a new highway between Boston and Worcester. This new road would carry traffic through Shrewsbury, Framingham and Wellesley instead of through Marlboro and by the Inn. We agree with this editorial in the Herald which states that "there is business enough for two good highways between Boston and Worcester and the better and wider the roads, the more motorists will be inclined to use them." There will, undoubtedly, always be a good share of travelling on the old Post Road - perhaps not as much in the future if the new road is built - but the Inn will serve its purpose - it will welcome the traveller, give him food and lodging, and the traveller will find [illegible] even more as Longfellow described it -

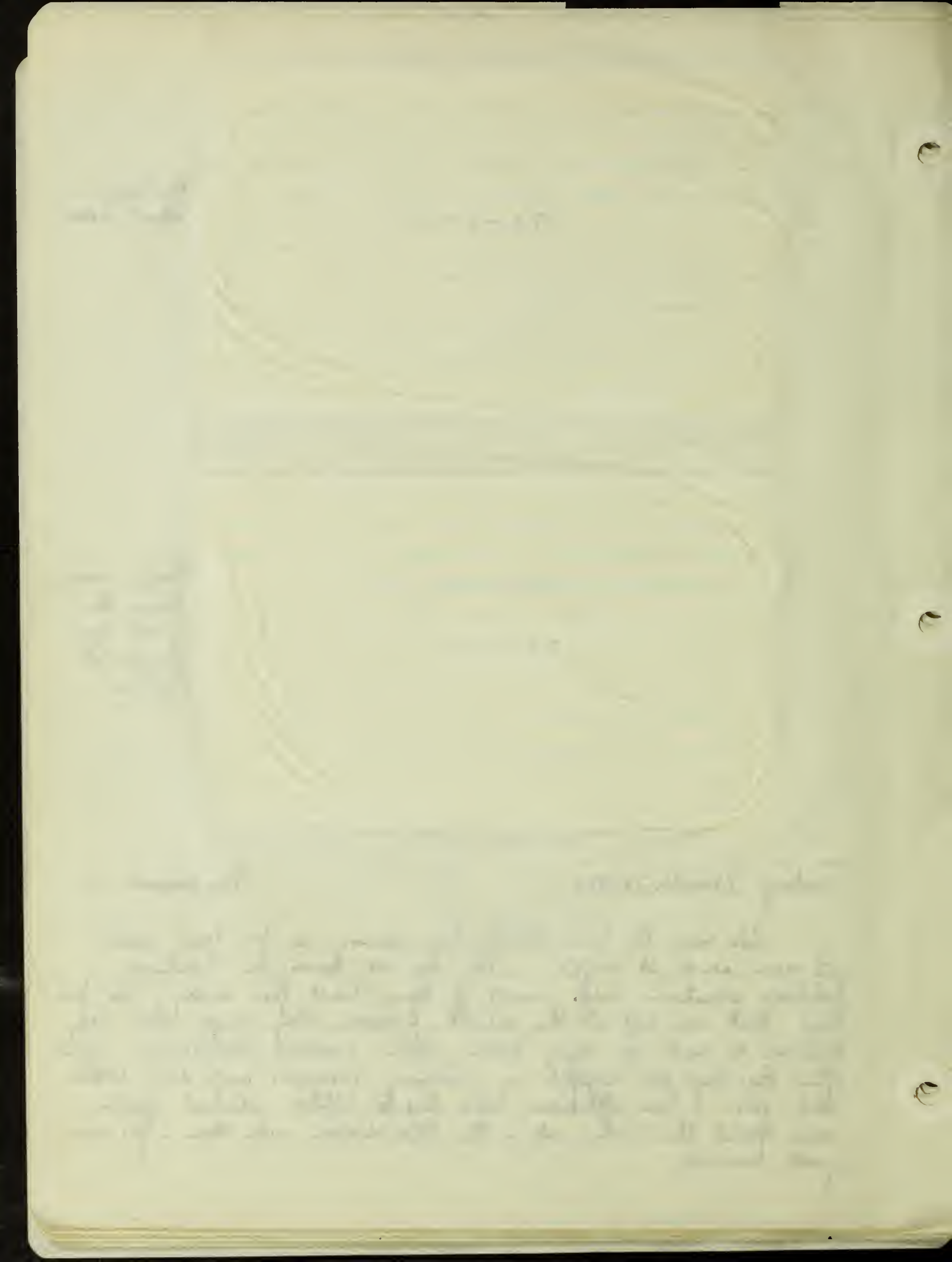
"In a region of repose it lies
A place to dream and [illegible]"

The Grade Schools house -

Boys coming down the road for dinner at the Inn -

Tuesday/ December 24. 1929. Very pleasant. 36°

We miss the Grade School boys coming in for their meals at noon and at night. They are all having a Christmas holiday vacation and most of them have gone away. The few boys that are left at the school, however, stay longer when they do come in and we enjoy having them around the house. And often the boys are helping in running errands and doing little odd jobs. This afternoon little Charlie Webber polished apples and filled the bowls out in the Old Kitchen with them — for our guests tomorrow.



Christmas day, December 25. 1929. Very pleasant 46°

Two hundred and fifty eight people were served a turkey dinner to-day, coming from twelve noon time till early evening - and coming mostly from parts of Greater Boston. One large party of thirty-three came from Waltham and in this party were included thirteen children who helped much in making the house cheerful and merry. One lady remarked as she came in the front door that this was the merriest place she had been in! Another large group of people came from Marlboro and sat at a long table arranged in the center of the large dining room. They brought with them two small Christmas trees for either end of the table, and a large Christmassy-looking basket for the center of the table. In-between were tall candle sticks holding lighted red candles. Just at the time these large parties were being served, practically every table in the dining room was filled and a pleasing sight it was to see these families together, talking merrily and happily over the tables.

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'

And in despair I bowed my head
'There is no peace on earth', I said
For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail
The right prevail
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

"AS ANCIENT IS THIS HOSTELRY
AS ANY IN THE LAND MAY BE,
BUILT IN THE OLD COLONIAL DAY,
WHEN MEN LIVED IN A GRANDER WAY,
WITH AMPLER HOSPITALITY—"
—LONGFELLOW

Longfellow's Wayside Inn

SOUTH SUDBURY, MASS.

Wednesday, 1929

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Consomme — Crackers

Roast Stuffed Turkey
Giblet Gravey

Mashed Potatoes — Fresh Green Beans

Baked Squash

Hot Rolls

Olives — Celery

Cranberry Sauce

Hearts of Lettuce — Russian Dressing

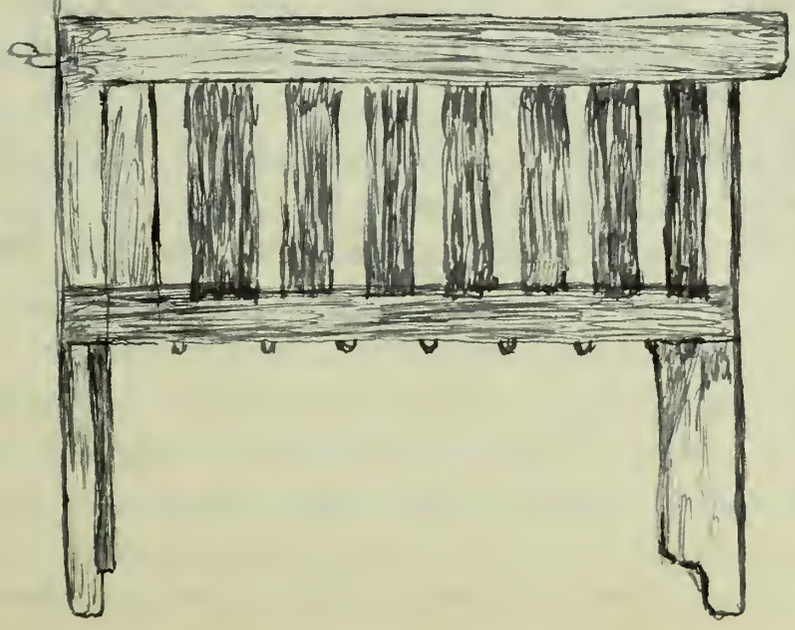
Mince Pie — Plum Pudding — Apple Pie

Salted Nuts — Mints

Tea — Coffee — Cider

Monday. December 28. 1929. Cloudy 18°

A Nomads School teacher from Maryland was one of our guests today and she told us some interesting things about her work. Having trained at Teachers College in Columbia University, her work is based on the most modern methods of teaching and she told us that in order to teach children to be intelligent consumers and appreciative buyers, it is necessary to show them the methods employed in making the articles that are used commonly in our economic life. For instance, the art of weaving as practised in the old days, is demonstrated; candle making, rug making etc. The children become familiar with the development of these various articles in this way. Then, when they buy they realize what value they are receiving for money spent. Miss Hopkins in our own Mary Lamb School is also working much along this same line. The other day, a few days before Christmas, we found some of the children and Miss Hopkins, pouring tallow into our candle moulds out in the old kitchen. They were really making candles and had hung the wicks on the rods at the top and strung them down through the moulds. The next morning, at least a dozen, long, tapering, pinkish color candles were pulled out of the moulds. They had hardened during the night and came out in excellent form. Later the children used the candles in their little Christmas entertainment which they gave in the large Ball-room last Friday afternoon.



Candle Moulds

Thursday. December 26. 1929. Pleasant. 46°

We have always found that small boys are particularly interested in the house and its furnishings. To-day a young man about twelve years old was just bubbling over with enthusiasm. First of all the flint-lock musket over the mantle in the Bar room attracted his attention and he wanted to know all about it, its history, just how the flint and steel were struck together. etc. From the Bar room we went into the little taps room and here the young man saw the old bottles and flasks on the shelves. And spoke of a flask that one of his playmates had found. Evidently it is a very old historical flask and the boy who found it does not care particularly for it. Our guest to-day stayed a long time and looked at every thing very carefully and when he came down stairs he returned to the Bar room for a few minutes and sat down on the settle in front of the fire place. After meditating a while - he said: "You know I'd like to buy that old bottle from Jim and send it up to this nice old place!"

Friday. December 27. 1929. Partly cloudy 44°

The dancing class started in full swing again tonight. Miss Elliott had at least fifty pupils. all employees and their families. Much drill work was done on the waltz step and on Cadrille steps and on the bows and courtsies. Some of the people present had never danced before in their lives; not even the modern dances. but they were full of enthusiasm and eager to learn. Miss Elliott invited all friends and families of those present to come to the class which will be held regularly from 8 to 10 P.M. every Friday evening.

Saturday. December 28. 1929. Warm, Rain 44°

There was a commotion out at the back of the house today and on investigation we found that a team of oxen had drawn some large heavy stones up near the back windows of the old dining room and these were being unloaded and put into the cellar. The oxen were standing very patiently, peering into the dining room through the tiny panes of glass. Some guests were going through the house at the time and they were much amused, thinking it a wonderful old time picture. One young lady in the group had a camera and asked if she might take a picture! Somehow the oxen do fit into the picture here and we never think of seeing them around the yard or out in the field. In the winter time after a snow fall, they are hitched to the plow which clears out the road way in front of the Inn.

Here they are with Mr. Merritt who, waves his wand and says "Gee and Haw!"

Monday. December 30. 1929.

We know now why large stones are being piled into the cellar. The underpinning of the house is undergoing repairs and these stones are to replace the old stones in the wall of the cellar. And in tearing down the old wall, it was discovered that only a wall about a foot thick was built and this of comparatively small stones. Nothing was put in between the stones to hold them firmly together and we wonder that it has stood up these many years. Now a wall two feet thick is to replace the old and large heavy stones will be held together by cement.

Tuesday. December 31. 1929.

During this week after Christmas there have been quite a few guests, especially in the afternoons. Usually they are people who are visiting in Boston for the holidays or are school children having a vacation at this time. The latter are brought out to see the Inn by their parents and most always they are our most interested visitors. One lady today who knows the Inn well, brought a friend out for tea. They wandered through the house and as they were leaving, our friend said: "You do have the best tea out here; the best tea in America. I think!"

Our Tea Menu

Choice of: Tea Coffee Cocoa Milk

Toast (Buttered and Cinnamon)

Marmalade

Cream Cheese

Fruit Cake Pound Cake.

Tick-Tock. Dec 31-1929

Somebody's think-ing, think-ing, think-ing, this last week in December, to the rhythm of the "Sombre clock" Its pendulum swings forward to the New Year, then backward to the Old. A friendly year at Wayside Inn, was 1929. Forward, back - old and new: An ancient tavern with a new spirit. Yes! Thinking about a lot of things, of this old Inn especially. How well it blends an old time charm with modern comfort. Here it stands a monument to traditions of the long ago, but with a clear vision of its future usefulness.

Beams and rafters and floors that creak with age. Ancient chairs, chests and cupboards, all for the joy and education of a world of people — but, behind the scenes, pie ovens and percolators that do their perfect work by the pressing

of a button.
Thinking: how sweet the Inn is
to look upon. There in the parlor,
the home-made garlands of green
hang in true Gothic lines at the four
windows, giving to the room a quaint
churchy effect. Two very tall and
stately poinsettias stand at each
end, like sentinels in red.
Over on the slender Sheraton table are
lovely cut flowers from the green-house,
while through the door-way to the
Washington room one sees a nice big
pewter bowl of princess pine and
evergreen from the woods.
Thinking: of the big ball room,
where heart and hand worked to make
it lovely for the Christmas party.
What seem like miles of green
garlands, and fringes of pine, twine
and intertwine everywhere. A
Christmas tree of course.
Thinking: of the people of the Inn.
The hostesses, the girls in grey —
The girls in blue — the men folks too.
not only to the boys, but to those

2 Those in the Gate House across the way, who sit in Windsor chairs, old time and genuine, but who "carry on" with telephones and Remingtons. Thinking: of something very nice, and, at the same time, most important. Putting new families into old homes. These houses dot the vast acreage of Wayside Inn. Are being reclaimed, restored, and best of all, tenanted by workers and their families — making for home-keeping, peace and contentment. Thinking: of the young feet that now tread these old floors, day after day, in and out, back and forth. Boys — lots of them — the youth of today, and this seems to be their home. This starts a thought about the Wayside Inn Trade School — our near neighbor to the West. A modern project to meet a modern need, but one so welcome and refreshing to the old tavern. The good is not only to the boys, but to those

who work with and for them.
And a deep, tender thought for the Redstone School, the teachers and their lambs. Two-legged lambs ofcourse - sixteen of them - They, too offer the spirit of Youth to this shrine of antiquity.
Thinking: of twenty five hundred acres of varying country. Nobscott with its orchards - Gardens = Woods that are green all winter.
Thinking: of the oxen, always in low gear, but great workers. Their filling station the big red barn.
The Devon cows with their many head-dresses of blue ribbons.
Thinking of the milk and of the delicious corn bread. Cause and effect.
One cannot think of Wayside Inn without thinking of somebody called the Inn-Keeper.
Only a few years ago he learned that the place was in need of a friend, so he promised to be that friend. Six years have elapsed -

and now? This historic, poetic, romantic spot of Howe, Washington, La Fayette, Longfellow still claims such distinction, but it has taken on a new one of service and progress.
The pendulum of this man's life swings far into the future, for he thinks in advance of his day and generation — but it swings back again in love and reverence for the long ago.
He believes in blending the best of the old with the best of the new, at Wayside Inn. and so the Ox and the Ford car have made friends. The Inn-Keeper's wife is in partnership in all his good endeavor.
Thinking: about somebody else, who - without whip or spur, kept the "Red Horse prancing" for his landlord. "Faithful to him that appointed him"
Hebrews 3 - 2

a discipline of high standards
and example -
His scanty criticism is constructive.
Thinking of the next door
neighbors to the East, in the
big white house with the tall
pillars - This family - a mother
and five children belong to
the somebody just mentioned -
Thoughts are what count, not Things

Tick - Tock

Twelve o'clock!

Happy New Year

XXX.